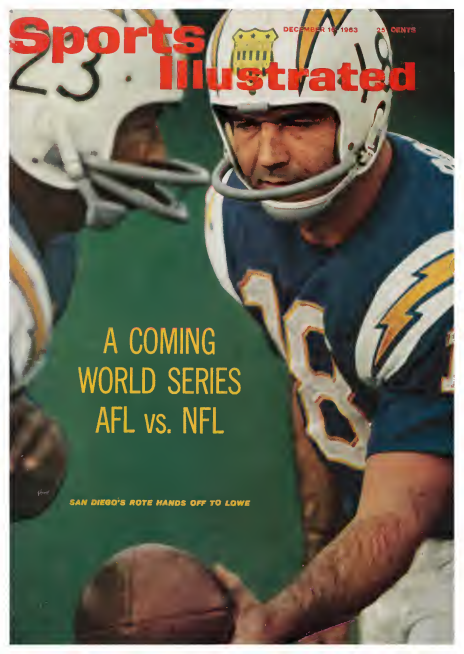




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Next week

YEAR-END FOOTBALL is a medley of bowl games and championships. Tex Maule previews the NFL pro title game, and Don Jenkins assesses the strengths and weaknesses of all 16 teams playing in the eight major bowls, from the Liberty to the New Year's Day Race.

SPORT IN THE ORIENT is experiencing a surge of popular interest that is one of the more spectacular cultural developments of our time. To introduce the first Asian Olympic year, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED presents, in text, photographs and paintings, a rich sampling of the Orient's enthusiasm for the games of both East and West.

What you don't know about "Full Service" Banks could be costing you money

Recently, a team of researchers knocked on 1700 doors to ask people what they knew about banks. "Full Service" banks, to be exact. Although a large majority of the people in this country use "Full Service" banks, only a small percentage realize the many advantages of "Full Service" banking. The survey turned up many surprising responses.



For example, 43% of the people interviewed did not understand that "Full Service" banks are the *only* places legally able to offer checking accounts. 25% of the people who *had* checking accounts hadn't associated the name "Full Service" with their own bank. And nearly 50% did not think first of a "Full Service" bank when they wanted a home loan, auto loan, business loan, personal loan or any of the other kinds of loans.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



Sometimes the gist of our news comes crashingly fast—as in the story on page 18, *You Can't Keep a Bad Boy Down*, Morton Sharmik's account of the Dick Tiger-Joe Giardello contest in Atlantic City the other night. More often the news must be sought out, and in some areas many small, seemingly unrelated events disclose a pattern when they are assembled and evaluated. We consider the early spotting and continuing coverage of trends as much our business as the reporting of games or fights. Consider *A Four-Level Igloo for Fourteen* by Senior Editor Fred R. Smith, beginning on page 44.

Smith reports one family's approach to what used to be called "the little place in the country." In the 1960s the "little place in the country," now professionally better known as the year-round vacation house, or the "second house," or the leisure-and-sport house, has grown into a billion-dollar industry. There are more than a million vacation houses in the nation today, and the number is increasing by 100,000 a year. We believe such a story has a special place in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* because so many SI families (research suggests one in every nine) already own vacation houses or the land on which they may build one.

The \$30,000 vacation house described in this issue—for skiing in winter, golf and riding in summer—was selected by Smith and his staff colleague, Associate Editor Lee Etington, because of the practicality, beauty and imaginativeness of its architecture and planning. And because its essential principles can be applied not just in West Dover, Vt. but in ski country anywhere.

News of leisure-house trends and examples of fine design in execution are part of a story that began some years ago in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. A cent on the *A Frame* (SI, Nov. 21, 1960)

brought word of a breakthrough in handy, economical construction of a family ski chalet, something less costly and ambitious than this week's West Dover house. Because American families are building themselves new kinds of places on or near the water, we engaged New York Architects Peter W. Webb and Kenneth Mitchell to design *The Perfect House on the Water* (SI, Feb. 12, 1962) for those who like to fish and cruise. Last winter we described in *Happily Afloat on Frazer's Hog Cay* a breathtaking escape house on a private Bahamian island. *Shipspace in the Beach House* last summer told of new decorating materials for walls, floors and furniture covering that resist fading, salt water, sand and mildew. *Houses That Unsquare the Cube* (SI, July 29) took a happy look at the beach houses designed by Andrew Geller.

The leisure-and-sport house is a dream assignment for the architect because it gives him a chance to experiment with new ideas and to create atmospheres different from those of workaday living. "The elements one works with," says Andrew Geller, "are sunlight and space."

Architect John Black Lee of New Canaan, Conn., who designed the ski house in this issue, is an ardent skier himself. But give him summertime or a winter excursion South, and he'll head for sails and salt water. One of his present active honors: chairmanship of the Racing Committee of the Darien (Conn.) Sunfish Yachting Association. Skipper Lee, and thousands of other readers, should find particular interest in another trends-make-news story in this issue—*Set a Sail on a Surfboard* by Staff Writer Hugh Whall. Beginning on page 35, the story describes the zooming popularity of the gutty little Sunfish and its sister craft, the Sailfish,

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OFF-TRACK BETTING

Last week in Chicago the U.S. Olympic track and field committee decided to abandon the traditional American system of selecting our Olympic team. We used to have a track meet called the Olympic trials. The first three finishers in each event made the team, and that was that. It was a harsh and ruthless system, but it worked. If it cost us a Dave Sime in 1956 (the best sprinter in the world, he pulled a muscle just before the trials), it found us a Lindy Remigio in 1952 (a virtual unknown, he went on to win the Olympic 100 meters at Helsinki). In the traditional Olympic trials, prior performances counted for nothing. Knowing that only what they did on that day mattered, competitors reached way inside themselves for speed and strength and endurance they didn't know they had.

Now it is different. The so-called Olympic trials scheduled for New York next July 3 and 4 will be little more than another preliminary meet. Only the winner in each event, according to the new plan, can assume that he has made the Olympic team, and even his place is subject to review. In September the committee will invite outstanding competitors to appear in another trial in Los Angeles. After that the U.S. team will be named. The committee may select the first three finishers in each event, but it doesn't have to. It can name anyone it chooses.

There will be arguments. (If a winner in the New York meet finishes fourth at Los Angeles, do you pick him? If a hitherto mediocre competitor runs his best race—the only great performance of his life—in Los Angeles, do you pick him or pass him up?)

We feel the Olympic committee has made a serious error in judgment, one certain to arouse bitterness and resentment. We applaud its intent: to insure that the best athletes will be on the team. But we deplore the arbitrariness of a final selection made by a board of coaches and officials.

Let the officials indeed do all they can

to give outstanding athletes a fair chance to make the team. But let the athletes themselves, in competition and under pressure, make the final decision.

DAISIES IN INDIA

Twenty years ago, when they belonged to the Empire, very few of India's 164 million men and boys had ever handled a gun. In those days it was hard to find an Indian civilian below the level of maharaja who could hit the broad side of a Brahma bull at 50 yards. Even after the protective paw of the British lion was gone, the Indians remained strong believers in passive resistance. Then last year, when Red China suddenly became a very bad neighbor, India was caught short. The Indians were not outmanned, but they were outgunned.

Beginning this spring, Indian boys and girls will learn gun handling and marksmanship in school, using rifles that, before the end of the year, will be coming out of a new plant in the Punjab at a rate of 5,000 a day. The rifle will be called the India Defender, but this noble name would not fool an American boy for a minute. The new gun plant in the Punjab is being set up for the Indian government by the Daisy Manufacturing Company of Rogers, Ark. The India Defender is the Daisy lever-action air rifle, Model 99—an old and familiar item frequently found under the American Christmas tree.

BACK TO THE CRADLE

If the Chicago Bears can hold their half-game lead on Sunday, the NFL championship game will be played at Wrigley Field, where the Bears beat the Giants in the NFL's very first title game 30 years ago. Few people, other than the Bears' season ticket holders, are rejoicing over the choice of venue. Wrigley Field holds only 49,000 spectators. The Wrigley stands cut across a corner of one end zone and are so close to both end lines that a player running deep and fast risks collision. The press box at Wrigley, while adequate for a ho-hum, mid-season baseball series, will never hold the small army

of reporters, columnists, spotters and freebooters that descend on a title game. Twenty years ago, when a championship was last played in Wrigley, there were enough vantage points for photographers, but that was before the television and all kinds of cameramen came bearing telephoto lenses the size of mountain howitzers. There are no lights at Wrigley. The game will have to start at noon, so that, in case of a tie, at least one sudden-death period can be squeezed in before dark.

Soldier Field in Chicago seats 110,000. It has room for players, for press, for cameras. It has lights. So why try to crowd the game back into Wrigley, the cradle where it was born?

THAT OLD HAWAIIAN MOON

In ponds and lakes of the U.S. the large-mouth bass prospers mightily by feeding on its little distant cousin, the bluegill sunfish. The bluegill survives by keeping away from its bug cousin, the bass. The relationship between the two, though unwholesome for the bluegill, is a well-established one, or at least it was until fishermen began pulling an occasional



strange fish from the Puukaele reservoir on the Hawaiian island of Kauai.

From the looks of it, the strange fish was a cross between a bass and a bluegill. At first, the fish and game experts in Hawaii pooh-poohed the idea. The bass and bluegill belong to separate, sharply defined genera, too far separated ever to intermingle in such a romantic way.

But Hawaii has quite an international reputation as a melting pot. If Chinese

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SCORECARD *continued*

Polynesians, Filipinos, Japanese, Boston missionaries and English merchants can mingle there, why not fish? A specimen was sent to Dr. Reeve Bailey, an authority on fish at the University of Michigan. After studying the specimen inside and out, Dr. Bailey confirmed that such interbreeding logically could not happen but certainly did. The fish was indeed a cross between the bass and the bluegill. Quite possibly, Dr. Bailey suggested, it was an unusual case of stress mating, the sort of thing that occurs, say, when a lone bass cannot find his real love and looks elsewhere for companionship.

Dr. Bailey's explanation will not do. The Puukake Reservoir teems with bass and bluegill. Charlie Fern, editor of the local paper on Kauai, suggested a simple answer: "It was just that old Hawaiian moon," Fern wrote in his paper, "that got our little bluegill girls and largemouth boys together."

Is this sort of crossbreeding likely to happen again? No one knows. The next full moon over Hawaii is December 30. The level of the reservoir will be lowered shortly thereafter, so a large number of fish can be netted and examined.

BACK TO THE BASQUES

There is some historic talk that jai alai started in the New World among the old Aztecs of Mexico, and that Invader Cortés took the game from them back to Spain. Now another Cortés, Roy McAndrews, who owns the jai alai fronton in Danz, Fla., is practicing a sort of reverse lend-lease. Jai alai came from the Basque country to Florida by way of Cuba 30 years ago. McAndrews is picking up his cestus and taking them to a new fronton he plans for the Canary Islands. He also is negotiating for construction of another fronton in San Sebastián, Spain, the heart of the old Basque jai alai country.

WRESTLE THE DEVIL

For English wrestling promoters who must arrange matches where good is pitted against evil, a banty-sized, 28-year-old athlete named Michael Brooks is proving to be a heavenly boon. Two things characterize Brooks's style: he is devastating with a hold known as the "single-leg Boston," and he has almost a saintly ability to stick to the rules no matter how rough his opponent. Brooks has to fight clean. Wrestling used to be

the biggest thing in his life, but now he is an ordained Methodist minister.

In a nationally televised match last Saturday a tough Scot named Chic Purvey gouged, kneeled, clawed and tried to strangle Brooks with the ropes until the referee ended the match, proclaiming Brooks the winner by default. "I keep on wrestling," Brooks declared after his tussle with the villain, "because it gives me a contact with people that I could never get in church."

GOLFER'S NOSE

A golfer's nose can ruin his putting, according to an eye specialist, Dr. William Vallotton of Charleston, S.C., who confesses to being a mediocre golfer himself. In a lecture to the 57th Southern Medical Association conference in New Orleans recently, Dr. Vallotton explained, "The golfer is crouched, looking at a small ball only 1.68 inches in diameter and several feet away and also at a hole $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter many feet away." To judge the distance of the putt, according to Dr. Vallotton, the golfer turns his head slightly to glance at the cup. The nose blocks the vision of one eye; the golfer loses his depth perception. Then when he turns his head back to the ball, he has difficulty retaining a good sense of the distance. Chances are he overputs or underputs.

For players who want to keep their noses out of it, Dr. Vallotton prescribes use of a croquet-like putting stroke of the sort already favored by Pro Golfer Bob Duden. This lets the golfer take a stance facing the cup and swing pendulum-style. The eyes look straight ahead at both the ball and cup. The nose is never in the picture.

TRUMPET OF DOOM

With 10 minutes left in their annual Thanksgiving game against South River, the football men of New Brunswick (N.J.) High were in possession, second down and eight, on their opponents' 10. The South River band, situated at that end of the field, was playing so loudly that New Brunswick Quarterback Andy Longo appealed to the referee. Referee Norm Van Arsdalen in turn asked the bandmaster to stop the music. But when Longo began calling signals for the next play, several members of the South River brass section cut loose on their horns. Before the ball could be snapped, Referee Van Arsdalen whipped out his red penalty marker and threw it in the direction of the band. He paced off half the distance to the goal and held out his

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SCORECARD *(continued)*

arms, indicating unsportsmanlike conduct on the part of the musicians. Two plays later New Brunswick pushed the ball across, winning the game 27-19. Some of the 4,000 spectators rejoiced. Some booed, feeling that Van Arsdalen had overextended his authority.

Actually, Van Arsdalen had stretched nothing. Article one of section seven of rule nine of the interscholastic code says: "No player or nonplayer shall hinder play by an obviously unfair act." Referee Van Arsdalen has been dispensing justice on the football field for eight years. He knows the book, and will be enforcing it again next season. High school horn blowers in New Jersey are hereby warned.

RELIEF FOR BACKWARD PEOPLE

Financially speaking, the professional athlete leads an unhappy, backward life. He usually earns his best money when he is young, but the government takes a large bite, leaving him relatively little to bank against the future.

A Canadian tax commission is currently weighing a brief submitted on behalf of the hockey men of the Montreal Canadiens and the Toronto Maple Leafs. The evidence shows that the hockey player's income drops sharply after his competitive years and, although he may end his working life earning no more than ordinary Canadians, he often pays \$10,000 more in taxes. The brief proposes that the inequity be eliminated by a few simple adjustments that, in effect, spread some of the player's hockey salary beyond his playing years. By coincidence, Senator Russell Long (D., La.) is now pushing an amendment to the current tax reform bill that would give U.S. pro athletes the same sort of justice.

THEY SAID IT

• Alabama Coach Paul (Bear) Bryant, comparing his 1963 team (7-2-0) with his undefeated 1961 team that won in the Sugar Bowl: "This is a much more exciting type of team, that 1961 team couldn't do anything but win."

• Paul Richards, general manager of the Houston Colts, protesting the decision to ban the outside catcher's mitt he fathered. "Since Christopher Columbus, it has been traditional to give catchers all the protection and equipment they can take on. Without a catcher who can catch the ball, baseball is about as entertaining as mumble-peg."

END

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INTERNATIONAL SKI

When the skiers of the U.S. Alpine team took off November 27 for two final months of pre-Olympic training in Europe, they were by far the best-conditioned, most talented lot ever to represent this country in the sport. The promise of the men's team was particularly bright: three of the U.S. racers, Buddy Werner, Chuck Ferries and Jimmy Heuga, had beaten the very best European skiers in major international events; and two others—Belly Kidd and Bill Marolt—had finished in the top 10 in world competition. Yet before their plane had even touched down at the airport in Geneva, the U.S. Olympic men's team had suddenly been reduced to a pack of losers.

On that day the Fédération Internationale de Ski, governing body for all major international ski races, released its seedings for the 1963-64 season, i.e., for the Winter Olympics. These seedings rate the world's best skiers according to their performances in past major events.

Even more important, they determine the order in which the competitors will be started in future races. Not one American made the top 10, and only two—Buddy Werner and Bill Marolt, tied for 12th in downhill—were awarded a spot anywhere in the top 15. All the rest were dropped down among the asterisks and the also-rans and thus, in effect, were dropped from any semblance of competition.

U.S. Ski Coach Bob Beattie reacted to the list with a formal protest, calling it "an unfair reflection on the ability of the American team." And J. Stanley Mullin, who represents the U.S. as a vice-president of FIS, fired off an agonized cable to FIS headquarters in Bern, Switzerland. Their complaint was based not so much on wounded feelings about Europe's opinion of American ski racers as on the rotten conditions under which U.S. skiers have now been sentenced to compete. Unlike a running track, a ski course does not stay constant for every

man. The first competitors to go through a slalom get the good snow, an even surface with no bad ruts, no place to catch an edge. But as each succeeding skier twists his way down, he cuts up the course, making it treacherous and, inevitably, slower. In the downhill and giant slalom, the late starters are somewhat bothered by ruts but even more by changing snow conditions. As the day wears on, the sun and wind turn the track to an impossible combination of mush and ice. For example, at the 1962 world championships in Chamonix—where the U.S. team finished a strong third behind Austria and France—no racer seeded below the top 10 came in first, second or third. And at the 1960 Winter Olympics in Squaw Valley, all the medalists came from the top 15 seedings.

Thus the crusade by the U.S. men's team to win medals in Innsbruck (Sl. Jan. 14 *et seq.*) has run completely, unexpectedly and unfairly aground. The name of the particular obstruction on

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Robert Faure of FIS prepared the seedings

SEEDINGS OF FÉDÉRATION INTERNATIONALE DE SKI HAVE

DOWNHILL		FIS PTS.	GIANT SLALOM		FIS PTS.
1.	JOE HINSON (SWITZ.)	0	1.	BERNARD HENNING (AUS.)	0
	WOLFGANG BARTELS (GER.)	0	2.	PEPE STIEGLER (AUS.)	0.20
	EDDIE ZIMMERMAN (AUS.)	0	3.	JOE HINSON (SWITZ.)	2.41
4.	LÉO LACROIX (FR.)	2.10	4.	GEORGES MALQUIT (FR.)	3.01
5.	KARL SCHRANZ (AUS.)	3.47	5.	JEAN-CLAUDE KILY (FR.)	0.00
6.	HEINI HERBER (AUS.)	3.51	6.	MARTIN BURGER (AUS.)	0.23
7.	ADALBERT LEITNER (AUS.)	3.60	7.	LUDWIG LEITNER (GER.)	0.00
8.	ERILE VIGLANT (FR.)	3.68	8.	KARL SCHRANZ (AUS.)	0.00
9.	BERNARD HENNING (AUS.)	3.99	9.	DIAS LEITNER (AUS.)	0.00
10.	LUDWIG LEITNER (GER.)	3.99	10.	ROBERT GEHMEFLEDER (SWITZ.)	7.13
11.	GARLO BENDER (IT.)	0.00	11.	WOLFGANG BARTELS (GER.)	0.00
12.	BUDDY WERNER (U.S.)	7.69	12.	HUGO NINOL (AUS.)	0.24
	WILLIAM MAROLT (U.S.)	7.69	13.	GUY PÉRIILLAT (FR.)	0.78
14.	GUY PÉRIILLAT (FR.)	7.93	14.	MICHEL ARPIN (FR.)	10.70
15.	YVES BRUNEAU (FR.)	0.00	15.	GEORG GEHMEFLEDER (SWITZ.)	15.49

SCANDAL

The most promising Olympic Alpine team in U.S. history has been turned into a bunch of losers by a French official with some remarkably provincial notions by JOHN LOVESEY

which American hopes are now stuck fast is Robert Faure, chairman of the FIS Downhill and Slalom Committee. It is his responsibility alone to produce the seedings, and last summer he worked three to four hours a day every day for three months—on his own, since Faure is a volunteer official—to produce what he considered a fair result. But Faure has other loyalties beside the FIS. He is president of the French Ski Federation's Technical Committee, and editor of its official periodical *Ski Français*. Above all, Faure is a chauvinistic European with pronounced views on the quality of American ski competition compared to that of the Continent. He is quite prepared to ignore races run in the U.S., particularly those in which Europeans have met defeat.

"I think this list is an accurate reflection of the position and quality of American skiing today," said Faure, as the dark clouds of protest began to swirl around him. "The Americans have never

had so many in the first 15 as they have now."

Well, that's true. At the last Olympics there were no American men seeded in the first 15. Now there are two, and you can't knock progress. But this bit of progress was arrived at through some astonishingly reactionary logic. In the early days of international ski racing, starting positions were thrashed out at a meeting of team captains before each race. "It was like a mass trial with everybody speaking for his clients," recalls one FIS official.

Eight years ago this drumhead method was scrapped in favor of the present seasonal system. In it the winner of every recorded race is given zero points; those that follow are penalized according to the difference between their times and the winner's, the points marked against them derived from a standard—and very sensible—set of tables. The average of a skier's two best results count for seeding, so the competitor

with the lowest total is listed first.

If all races were rated equally, this would be a splendid system. But naturally the winner of a small race with a local field should not get the same advantageous rating as the gold-medal winner in a prestigious event like Austria's Hahnenkamm or Switzerland's Lauberhorn. Therefore, winners of local races are assessed penalty points, and their seedings drop accordingly.

Eight years ago when the system first went in, all U.S. races, even the national championships, could by world standards be fairly assessed as local races. American skiers—especially the men—just were not very good. But by 1962 they had surged forward, past Germany, Italy, Norway and even Switzerland to rank third at the world championships, just behind Austria and France. By now American races, with or without foreign entries, are as tough to win as European meets.

But not in the mind of M. Faure. In

continued on page 65

HURT U.S. OLYMPIC HOPES

SLALOM	FIS PTS.
1. GUY PÉRELAT (FR.)	0
PERI STIBLER (AUS.)	0
3. FRANÇOIS BONLIEU (FR.)	0.33
4. HIAS LEITNER (AUS.)	0.32
LUDWIG LEITNER (GER.)	0.32
6. ITALO PEDROCELLI (IT.)	1.65
7. JEAN-CLAUDE KILLY (FR.)	2.02
8. WOLFGANG BARTELS (GER.)	3.00
9. MARTIN BURGER (AUS.)	3.88
10. ADALBERT LEITNER (AUS.)	5.97
11. KARL SCHRARE (AUS.)	4.72
12. MICHEL ARFIN (FR.)	4.70
13. CHARLES BOZON (FR.)	4.66
14. GERHARD HENNING (AUS.)	5.52
15. CARLO BENIGNI (IT.)	6.69



Listed a poor 15th in the downhill, veteran Buddy Werner is top-rated among U.S. skiers

YOU CAN'T KEEP A BAD BOY DOWN

For more than a decade Joey Giardello has been boxing's version of the groundhog, annually emerging from his hole in search of some shadowy substance only to descend in frustration once again. Last Saturday night scowling, scar-faced Joey emerged at a most improbable location: in the center of Atlantic City's vast Convention Hall, where Miss America parades in peaches-and-cream glory each fall. In Bert Parks's absence, the music came from Giardello's fists as he bounced enough lefts and rights off Dick Tiger's Nigerian profile to win, after 15 years and 123 professional fights, the middleweight championship of the world.

Boxing is often a morality play in reverse—you can't keep a bad man down—and the life and hard times of Joey Giardello are as good an example as one will find east of Sonny Liston. At important moments in his career, Joey could always be depended upon to involve himself in a scrape with the police or with some available athletic commission or with his managers or, most frequently, with himself. Joey asked himself a lot of questions and usually came up with the wrong answers: Should he or should he not train for a fight? Should he or should he not forsake hoodlum friends? Should he or should he not, at the age of 25—or 28 or 32—cease being a juvenile delinquent?

Yet despite his endless troubles, because of his exceptional fighting skills Giardello has always managed to make a good living from the ring, and last weekend, when the last big opportunity ever likely to present itself came along, Joey was ready as never before. "I suddenly realized," he said shortly before the fight, "that at 33 I might not have many tomorrows left." Never had he worked so hard or trained so long or held his whums and impulses so tightly in check, and on Saturday night all of the things that have often promised to make Joey Giardello an artist at his craft came together at one time.

He outmaneuvered Tiger, he outguessed the slab-sided little champion, he conducted a boxing lesson for 15

rounds. Using his advantage in reach, he kept a left in Tiger's face. After some uncomfortable moments in the early rounds he solved the problem of Tiger's own left, which was threatening to beat the right side of Joey's head as flat as a seashell every time the two moved into a clinch. In constant danger of being trapped in a corner or up against the ropes by his harder-hitting opponent, Giardello slipped and whirled and feinted and fled; when all else failed he fought back in furious flurries, punching his way to safety. And instead of weakening as the fight went on, Giardello surprised everyone, except possibly himself, by growing stronger.

"For 12 years," Joey said when it was all over, "I've been allowed to press my nose against the window, to get close to the title but never to touch it. Now it's mine and it's wonderful."

About the only one willing to philosophize about this sudden denigration of good (Tiger is a dedicated little man who in better moments has been exhibited as a testimonial for temperance and the clean, wholesome life) was Adolph Ritacco, Giardello's trainer. "It's a miracle," he said. "It's a miracle that he's still fighting today, that he ever won a fight."

"I can't tell you," said Ritacco, "how many times Joey left the house just to go to the corner to get a pack of cigarettes—and then wouldn't be heard from again until six weeks later when he'd call his wife from Chicago. Six weeks before a fight I'd say, 'Joey, we start training tomorrow.' He'd say, 'Sure, Adolph, tomorrow. I'll be at the gym in the morning.' A month later I'd finally run him down and drag him in. Then I'd have to spend the two weeks left sweating off 20 or 30 pounds so he could come in as a middleweight. The night before some of his fights he'd be in the clubs until 2 or 3 in the morning."

Despite these obstacles, Giardello actually has entered the ring a good many times. He fought Tiger twice before, and he won the last of those, partly because Tiger was penalized for butting tactics. He fought Gene Fullmer to a draw on

April 20, 1960 in a championship fight in Bozeman, Mont. In time, he fought—and defeated—most of the worthwhile middleweights of the past 15 years, and those who escaped him did so out of choice, a choice their own, not Giardello's. And so his joy at winning last Saturday night could be excused. He had waited a long time.

Nine years ago Joey Giardello was the No. 1 contender for the middleweight title. He was scheduled to meet Bobo Olson for the championship, but as a prelude he wrecked his automobile and injured his knee, which eventually had to be operated on. The title fight was postponed, and never did take place. A few months after the postponement, Giardello and a carload of friends got into an unfriendly discussion with a gasoline station attendant. Joey and his buddies smashed the gas tanks, the station, the attendant—and Giardello's chance for a fight with Olson. Unconsciously—Giardello's acts always seemed unconscious—Joey gave Bobo an out, and Olson took it. "I will not fight Giardello until his name is cleared," Olson said. Giardello was not cleared. He served a 4½-month sentence, the beginning of his years of frustration.

"As time passed," says one matchmaker, "Joey became the most poorly managed fighter in the history of the ring." According to Joe Louis, "the worst managing he got was from himself. He didn't take care of himself and wound up losing fights he should have won." Giardello has a different theory. "It wasn't that at all," he says. "It's just that some nights I felt like fighting and some nights I didn't." Like those surrounding John O'Hara's Pal Joey, there was always an astounding collection of oddball characters—cops, robbers, even the Dodgers—waiting at Giardello's elbow to help confuse the issue. A devoted Dodger fan, on first-name clubhouse acquaintance with all the players, Giardello couldn't tear himself away from Brooklyn games long enough to train or concentrate on his fights. Worse, a good part of his purses went as wagers on the Dodgers and—when he ran short

After 15 years and 123 fights Joey Giardello finally got serious about boxing. Result: a new champion

by MORTON SHARNIK

—he always had access to syndicate loan sharks.

After a sinister New York hoodlum and usury kingpin had loaned Giardello \$1,000 to bet on the Dodgers, the New York State Athletic Commission became unhappy. Commission members' doubts were not resolved by an occasional lapse of form on Joey's part in what should have been easy fights. The Pennsylvania Athletic Commission suspended the licenses of Carmen Graziano and Tony Ferrante, Giardello's co-managers, for associating with unsavory persons. The New York commission found the managers themselves unsavory.

Ferrante's police record was modest, not quite as long as his arm, but it certainly reached his elbow—and it suspended Giardello's license. Since 1957 Giardello has been barred from fighting in New York, and this in turn has kept him off TV (except for the fight with Fullmer in 1960). Injured financially, Giardello finally got rid of his two managers, but New York is not completely convinced even today, and Giardello remains an undesirable in New York rings.

Despite his harsh trade and frustrating career, Giardello is still carefree and unworried. He is a man about town—South Philadelphia, that is, where he has hung out since leaving Brooklyn—and to this heavily Italian section of the city, Joey Giardello is a hero, an easy touch and, until recently anyway, a willing companion. There is always a sleazebag clique of South Phillyites who make every Giardello fight—an entire trainload turned up in Bozeman, Mont. for the one with Fullmer. There were a hundred times that many Philadelphians in Atlantic City to dance and cheer at last week's decision.

One who resisted the impulse to join in was Dick Tiger. "Ridiculous," he snorted. "How can you win a title by running away?" Guaranteed a rematch in four or five months, Tiger planned to return to Nigeria for a rest. "Then I will come back," he said, "and prove that I am the old Dick Tiger."

The question is whether or not there is really a new Joey Giardello. **END**



Ducking and dodging Dick Tiger's usually lethal punches (above), Giardello fought back in vicious furries (below) to give the Nigerian a 15-round boxing lesson and lift his title.



NO FAST BREAK FOR THE COOZ

Bob Cousy, greatest player in basketball history, makes his debut as a coach at Boston College and discovers the frustrating problems of passing on to others his own remarkable skills

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Three thousand people were on their feet last Friday evening in the Boston College gymnasium as the basketball team prepared to open its season. The band compub-paled with feeding, and the crowd sang *For Boston*. Stepping through a green door at the end of the arena, a handsome, well-dressed, 35-year-old man took a final backslap, shook the last extended hand, turned an apprehensive look toward his wife and embarked on a new career. Bob Cousy, after 13 seasons as an All-Star in the National Basketball Association, was ready for his first game as a college coach.

A few years from now, when the movie is finally made, it will close with all those

marvelous Hollywood touches that everyone has come to expect and love. Naturally, the big gymnasium will be packed; naturally, the crowd will be standing, and the band will play as it has never played before. The hero (Tony Curtis, of course) will be handsome, immaculately dressed and sure of himself, and as he leaves the court after a thrilling victory he will be unable to fight his way to the dressing room.

In Boston last Friday the ending was a bit different. If you began to follow Boston College right now, however, you will be able to skip that movie. The American Dream is abuilding at BC now, scene by scene and, before long,

Bob Cousy will have one of the nation's top college basketball teams. This season Boston College will arouse little more than long-distance curiosity in most basketball fans, since the team plays all of its 19 games plus tournaments within a radius of 350 miles of Boston. Next year that radius will reach 5,000 miles and will include Hawaii, Los Angeles and some other stops that Cousy plans to include in his team's schedule.

Twenty months ago BC, a Jesuit school with an enrollment of 4,200, clearly indicated that it was going to go big time in basketball when it signed Cousy to a three-year contract at \$10,000 per season. After much soul-search-

Waving rolled-up program a gesture made famous by his own former coach, Red Auerbach, Cousy sends Ed Hockenbury into Fairfield game.



ing and considerable speculation in the press, he had decided to quit as a player but stay in the sport. "I didn't tire of the game of basketball itself," he says. "I got tired of 50,000 miles of traveling a year, sick of sunbats and cab drivers and restaurants, tired of being away from Missie and the kids. I wanted to try coaching, and when Boston College asked me I said yes."

When Cousy said yes the Boston Celtics were shocked. He had at least three, maybe four, good years left in him as a player. As he played his final season he was bombarded with an outpouring of genuine affection seldom accorded an athlete. He got plaques, trophies, watches and scrolls, and in Philadelphia one promoter gave him a large salami, "so you shouldn't go hungry." On St. Patrick's Day, Cousy stammered and cried through a thank-you speech to a full house in Boston Garden. As he hesitated once a voice came from the upper gallery: "We love you, Coosy."

It was true, for Cousy is to Boston what Maurice Richard is to Montreal, what Stan Musial is to St. Louis, Boston

not only believes that Bob Cousy invented the game of basketball, it believes, too, that he is eminently Boston Irish even though he is truly 83rd Street, New York French.

Before Cousy, basketball had relatively few fans at Boston College. Hockey and football were the big sports, but when Cousy signed interest began to grow. The freshman team of last season, part of which Cousy helped recruit, drew well and, more important, went undefeated. The varsity had a record of 10-16. Letters appeared from high school players all over the country who wanted to play for Cousy. Alumni started to buy season tickets for basketball, something unheard of in New England.

Throughout last summer Cousy had been browsing in a huge collection of books and magazines on coaching that he had gathered over the years. "I only got a little help," he says. "Then I threw them all aside and decided that my teams should play the kind of basketball that I know, the running game. I had the kids run, run, run in practice because I truly did not have any height."

When practice began, however, Cousy found he was having other difficulties. "I think," he says, "that quite a few of the kids were awed by me and by my reputation. At night I'd talk to myself and worry about it. Was I really responsible for this? Then gradually I believe they started to come around."

Cousy also encountered some difficulties with the ethics of recruiting. "I made up my mind," he says, "that I would not prostitute myself. I would not and I will not stand outside some high school gym and try to steal a kid from someone else. I'll talk to a boy, sure, and try to get him to go to Boston College, but no wild rat races—everything right on the table."

During BC's first scrimmage games Cousy had trouble with the actual mechanics of coaching. "For 13 years," he says, "I was used to the pros. You know how everyone parts his hair in the pros, and you don't have to worry about changing defenses and changing offenses as much as you do in college. It is tough, but I think I'm beginning to adapt."

A few days before BC's opening game against Fairfield, Cousy drove home from practice and assessed his chances. "We have scouted Fairfield," he said, "and we don't believe that they are in

as good physical shape as we are. I don't think we will have an awful lot of trouble with their height, and I think we can stop their big man, [Pat] Burke." As he looked ahead at the dark highway a terrible thought entered his mind. "Nuts!" he said. "I forgot to use one of the kids in scrimmage today. Not at all. Not on offense and not on defense. That kid is going to go back to the dormitory and wonder if I'm mad at him or something. He's going to wonder if he's a bad player. I know how he feels. Nuts!"

On Wednesday afternoon Cousy held a closed scrimmage, and the team constantly fumbled and threw the ball away. Cousy stood at midcourt following a horrendous series of mistakes, hurried his head in his hands and said, "Terrible, terrible." Then he walked over to John Austin, his fine sophomore starter, took the ball and began to show the team how to pass, when to hand the ball to a player and when to leave it hanging in mid-air for a teammate to pick off. His moves were simple yet beautiful, and Austin immediately picked them up. "When he teaches you something," said Austin later, "there is no one like him, because he does it so smoothly: he can explain it first and then demonstrate it perfectly." After practice Cousy remarked that it was the worst session BC had had all year. "I hope they'll come out of it before Friday," he said.

Sadly, they did not. Fairfield's players proved to be in the same excellent condition as BC's. They were all well drilled, they jumped like kangaroos and they seemed inspired by facing a Cousy-coached squad. Cousy's men made too many mistakes, possibly still feeling the pressure of playing for the game's most famous individual. They were so tense they missed 14 of 21 foul shots. John Ezell, the tallest player, was so poor on defense that Cousy swiftly took him out. Playmaker Jerry Power kept losing the ball on errors. BC failed to stop Burke, and lost 69-63.

Bob Cousy is going to have many such unhappy evenings before the quality of his players and his ability to transmit his own skills reach a peak simultaneously. That may occur next year, when the current line crop of BC freshmen become eligible for the varsity. Then the crowds will be on their feet, the band will play and Tony Curtis can start putting on his makeup.

END





The Army's Big Goof

NEIL LEVINE



In Philadelphia on Saturday, as 100,000 Army and Navy partisans filled the afternoon air with a deep, swelling roar, what should have been the 1963 college football season's most exciting moment suddenly became its most frustrating one. With a hallelujah flourish of his arms, Referee Barney Finn signaled the end both of the game and of a brave Army march that had carried it to within two yards and

seven points of upsetting heavily favored Navy. As Navy Captain Tom Lynch (51) and teammates rose up in joyous relief, Army Captain Dick Nowack (60) and his teammates looked on in stunned disbelief. But the Cadets had only themselves to blame (see page 59). Playing too deliberately in the game's waning minutes, they frittered away their time—and possibly their first win over Navy in five years.

THE TWO PRO FOOTBALL LEAGUES MUST MEET

Ever since the American Football League was formed four years ago, fans have been excited by the prospect of a "World Series" game between the champion of the new league and the champion of the established National Football League. Now Joe Foss, commissioner of the AFL, has issued a written challenge to Pete Rozelle, NFL commissioner, proposing that such a game be played at the end of the 1964 season. Rozelle, understandably disinclined to listen to suggestions from the people who need his league for \$10 million (the AFL's antitrust lawsuit was rejected, but it cost the NFL more than \$300,000 in litigation fees), temporarily refuses the challenge. His decision, like others made in this most testing of years for him, will arouse violent controversy. But when Rozelle makes a decision he makes it—and he feels strongly that it is too early for the two leagues to have friendly sporting relations. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, along with the fans, says that the game must be played, and the sooner the better (always supposing the AFL survives, which some still doubt). What would be the result of such a game? On page 26, Dan Jenkins, who has followed the AFL since its inception, argues that the young league would acquit itself surprisingly well and could conceivably win. Tex Maule, the NFL expert, firmly maintains that the older league would beat the AFL by at least six touchdowns. There is, of course, only one way to find out.



COMMISSIONER JOE FOSS OF THE AFL HAS ISSUED THE CHALLENGE

Dear Pete:

Much talking has been done of late by the public and press as to when the American and National football leagues will meet in a championship game. I feel strongly that the time has arrived for the inauguration of such an annual game.

Therefore, on behalf of the AFL, I reissue an official challenge to the NFL for the first game to be played at the conclusion of the 1964 season, with the winners of the respective league divisional playoffs opposing one another.

The '64 season, as you're well aware, Pete, will be our fifth year of operation, certainly a sufficient period for our teams to have achieved a high talent and maturity level.

It was in the exact same year of their existence that the Cleveland Browns moved from the defunct All-America Conference into the NFL. The Browns, as you'll recall, quickly proved a representative of the so-called "neophyte league" of that era was more than capable of holding its own. They won the league title that very first year.

Nevertheless, any argument as to which team would win the initial AFL-NFL game is of secondary importance. The overriding fact is the establishment of a World Series of professional football is necessary to the continued progress of our game if we're to be true sportsmen and not merely businessmen in sports.

Pro football has now attained the status where many regard it as our national sport. What could be more fitting then than for us to match baseball in having an annual classic between the leagues?

I think now is the time for action rather than talk, Pete, and if you concur I'll be available to commence arrangements for the game at your earliest convenience.

Sincerely,



Commissioner, AFL

Dear Joe:

As I have said on a number of occasions, we have no plans for such a game.

Sincerely,



Commissioner, NFL



COMMISSIONER PETE ROZELLE OF THE NFL HAS REFUSED, FOR NOW

THE AFL COULD WIN THE WORLD SERIES

BY DAN JENKINS

Last August the Green Bay Packers lost a football game to the College All-Stars, and in that upsetting moment the National Football League for the first time displayed some human frailties to its business rival, the American Football League. The All-Stars who met and defeated the Packers, then champions of the world, were not yet even pro rookies and they had practiced together for only a few weeks. But they won by summing for that one game all of their physical potential, aggressiveness and emotional determination. An AFL club facing a more experienced NFL club in a World Series game would have to do the same thing. And the AFL could win such a game.

Four years ago when the AFL was organized, a World Series game between the two leagues would have been unthinkable. But neither league is the same today. The processes that have strengthened the AFL have served to weaken the NFL, and the most obvious process is the player draft. In the last four years the AFL has signed more than 100 players selected in the first 10 rounds of the NFL draft—and the AFL is increasing its take each year. These are the choice collegians who once went exclusively to the older league. At the same time the NFL has expanded from 12 to 14 teams, thereby spreading its talent even thinner. The AFL, with only eight teams, can stock each team more solidly. It follows that as the AFL continues to gain in the yearly draft and divide that talent only eight, not 14, ways, eventually the top team in that league will be stronger than the top team in the NFL.

The AFL has closed the gap between the leagues so rapidly that it is almost as difficult today for these prize draft choices to make the grade in the still new league as in the NFL. For example, there are 109 active rookies on the 14 NFL rosters, an average of 7.8 per club in 1963. But there are only 48 rookies on the eight AFL rosters, an average of six per club. Just as revealingly, the St. Louis Cardinals, who were in contention for the Eastern Division lead in the NFL most of the year, have so many young players they might be taken for an AFL team. Twenty players on the

Cardinals' 37-man squad began their careers after the AFL was organized.

The AFL status is further improved by its decreasing dependence on the NFL's oversupply of talent. No longer can it be said that the league is dominated by castoffs. In 1960 half the players in the AFL had some NFL experience. Today, of the 254 active AFL players, only 57—or less than a quarter—have an NFL history. The number diminishes each year. In fact, on the three all-AFL teams that have been selected since 1960, only 10 out of 66 all-stars have been re-treads from the other league. By and large, the AFL's superstars are its own. Even on the subject of castoffs, the AFL can point to the list of the current best posers in the NFL and claim that five of the top eight—Y. A. Tittle, Frank Ryan, Earl Morrall, Ed Brown and Bill Wade—are men who have been traded away by one or more teams. What are they if not castoffs in their own right?

While all of these statistics lend encouragement to the AFL's position as a challenger, a game is never won with statistics. The question ultimately is how would the best AFL team fare against the best NFL team in a championship game were one to be held this season or next. A good companion might be the San Diego Chargers, seemingly the AFL's best at this juncture, and the Green Bay Packers, the NFL's dominant team for three years. Against the glittering array of Packer stars—Taylor, Dowler, Ringo, Starr, Jordan, Thurston, the Kramers—what can be said for the Chargers? Well, plenty.

RIDICULOUS! THE NFL BY 50 POINTS

BY TEX MAULE

If the champions of the National Football League were to play the champions of the American Football League this year or next, it would be a mismatch that might be compared with the two Sonny Liston-Floyd Patterson heavyweight championship fights.

The 1963 NFL champions—Chicago Bears, Green Bay Packers, New York Giants, Pittsburgh Steelers, to name the possibilities—would defeat the AFL

First of all, San Diego is a first-class organization that is as old as one team in the NFL, Dallas, and a year older than another, Minnesota (a team that won three games in its first NFL season). San Diego has been guided by a coach and general manager, Sid Gillman, who carries more experience than 12 of the 14 NFL coaches and was himself a division winner as coach of the Los Angeles Rams in 1955. The Chargers have never had a poor draft. As a matter of fact, 20 of their 33 players today have come from among the NFL's top 10 rounds. Thirteen were from the top five rounds. And four Chargers—Ron Mix, John Hadl, Lance Alworth and Rufus Gathie—were No. 1 draft choices of NFL teams. Eleven members of the team have played together for four seasons. It is a team with two quarterbackbacks—Tobin Rote (*see cover*) and John Hadl—who certainly measure up to Green Bay's Bart Starr and John Roach. It is a team with a pair of running backs, Paul Lowe and Keith Lincoln, that any NFL club would trade for. Lowe's breakaway ability is unmatched in the Packer backfield. It is a team with flanker Lance Alworth, as fast as any man in a football suit. It is a team with at least two of the best blocking linemen in football, Ron Mix and Ernie Wright—and Mix may be without a peer. It is a team that embraces such defensive stalwarts as 6-foot-9, 317-pound Ernie Ladd and 6-foot-5, 256-pound Earl Fausen. In the final analysis, it is a team with speed, size, savvy, wise direction from the sidelines—a team that would have an intangible emotional edge in a World Series game against an NFL opponent. The NFL team, of course, would deserve to be favored, but it would not necessarily win.

champions, the San Diego Chargers, to name the probability, by a margin of from 40 to 50 points.

This may, to AFL rosters, seem a massive exaggeration. Unfortunately for them, the facts of pro football life substantiate it.

The three factors most important in determining pro football excellence are passing, defense and depth, and in these the AFL is far behind the NFL. When

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Pete Retzlaff, the NFL player representative, stated recently that the AFL was still three years away from matching the NFL in strength, he was just about right. Retzlaff had no ax to grind; it is not in the interest of any NFL player to be hypercritical of the other league. First, the birth of the AFL boosted the average pay for all players a good 25%. Second, the AFL provides a pleasant haven for elderly NFL players—some 57 NFL rejects dot the rosters of AFL clubs. Nine former Baltimore Colts made the squad of the New York Jets this year and helped boost that club from a hopeless last in 1962 to a lively team and an early contender in the Eastern Division in 1963.

But to return to the World Series game. Undoubtedly the most important single player on any pro football team is the quarterback, and it is here the NFL has an enormous edge. Of the nine leading quarterbacks in the AFL (Oakland alternates two), seven are former NFL quarterbacks, only two of whom—San Diego's Tobin Rote and Boston's Babe Parilli—were ever considered starters. Jack Kemp of Buffalo, who is having a good year, was never better than third string with Pittsburgh and San Francisco during his brief career in the NFL. Rote, in 1957, replaced the injured Bobby Layne and led Detroit to a championship. But his record during his final year in the NFL—1959—is more indicative of the reason Detroit made no effort to prevent him from playing out his option. That season Rote completed only 62 of 162 passes for an anemic 38.5%. He threw five touchdown passes, but against that had an almost incredible number of passes—19—intercepted.

Therefore, Rote's record as an AFL quarterback this year serves as a neat indictment of AFL pass defenses. He ranks first in the league, just ahead of Len Dawson (former Cleveland Brown) and Kemp. Rote has thrown more passes than he did for Detroit (253 against 162), had fewer intercepted (15 against 19), increased his percentage of completions (.408 against .385) and thrown almost four times as many touchdown passes (19 against 5). Can it be that Rote, a 34-year man, has improved that much in the four years since he left the NFL? Not a chance.

It is not surprising that the pass defenses in the AFL are much more porous than the veteran units in the NFL. It

continued



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Powder (each \$98.50), Master (\$119.50), Vector (\$132.50), Competition (\$142.50), Youngster's Competition (\$112.50). Plus prices (\$24.50). Available only at authorized, serious ski shops, the world over.



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LEAGUES MUST MEET *continued*

takes roughly four years for a secondary, playing together, to reach maximum efficiency. The AFL has been in operation only four years; most of its defensive secondaries have been juggled each year as new players were added, either from NFL cuts or from the draft. Again, the four-year figure is predicated upon a team getting a fair share of the new talent out of college. This the AFL clubs have not been able to do.

The fact that the NFL clubs have been outbidding the AFL for most of the wanted college seniors each year has prevented the AFL teams from building up sufficient depth. When the AFL started, the NFL had been in business for 40 years; every team had a nucleus of experienced players. The NFL teams drafted to shore up weak spots; the AFL had to draft entire teams. The veterans in the AFL are players who, for one reason or another, have been deemed incapable of any longer meeting the standards of the NFL. Since the player pool available for the AFL is the same as that for the NFL, AFL teams, for the last four years, have gotten far less of the nation's best football players than the NFL.

It is not surprising, then, that the bench strength of the best AFL team does not compare to that of any team in the NFL, let alone the top NFL teams such as the Packers and the Giants. The Packers, victims of a mass of injuries this season, proved just how essential good depth can be.

In this mythical World Series game, the superiority of the NFL quarterback, throwing against the obviously weaker AFL defenses, coupled with the veteran NFL defense, pitted against what must be considered at best a mediocre (by NFL standards) quarterback, would be enough to guarantee an overwhelming victory for the NFL.

But consider what this would do for the running games. The AFL, under devastating air attack, would, of necessity, have to spread its defenses, opening running routes for great backs like Jim Taylor or Jim Brown. The NFL defense, with the AFL passing contained, could set up to stop the AFL running. The game would turn into a rout.

In time, the AFL can probably field a team strong enough to give the NFL champion a struggle. But that time is not now or next year. It is not for several years.

END



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Despite the sneers of crusty traditionalists who claim that they are not even boats, the chipper little craft pictured here at Darien, Conn. have set a whole new style in sailing by **HUGH WHALL**

SET A SAIL ON A SURFBOARD

From Portland, Ore. to Portland, Me.; from Newport Beach, Calif. to Newport News, Va.; from Manhattan, N.Y. to Manhattan, Kans. little chips of wood or Fiberglas with candy-striped sails (*opposite*) are scudding across the water like confetti in a gale. The chips are known as Sunfish and Sailfish, and right now they are the biggest thing there is in little sailboats.

Some traditionalists—people who believe a boat should have an inside and an outside, a stem, a stern and a rib or two—claim the little Sunfishes are not sailboats at all, only surfboards in fancy dress, but there are plenty of real sailormen to give such talk the lie. Briggs Cunningham, who sailed the U.S. cup defender *Columbia* to victory in 1958, now sails a Sunfish. So does former North American Sailing Champion Bob Moshbacher, whose brother Bus skippered another cup defender, *Gilt* Shields, son of the famed Cornelius and current International One-Design champion, claims he gets as much fun out of sailing a Sunfish "as any boat I know of. I especially enjoy taking one out in breezes of 25 or 30 knots when you can plane down fast after wave."

Other dedicated Sunfish sailors are TV's stern counsel for the defense, E. G. Marshall, svelte Dina Merrill, whose father, E. F. Hutton, once stood on the quarterdeck of the proud, square-rigged yacht *Huzzar*, and Sanger of Folk Songs

Chad Mitchell, who towed his Sunfish halfway across the nation behind his automobile.

Lesser names and lesser sailors are skippering Sunfishes across ponds in semiarid Hastings, Neb. and dry-as-dust Topeka, Tulsa and Sioux Falls. Park Avenue matrons are buying them off the floor of Abercrombie & Fitch, along with sweaters for their pet poodles. Last year U.S. Ambassador Robinson McIlwaine ordered a Sunfish shipped to him in Africa's steamy Republic of Dahomey. Not to be outdone, M. Jacques-Bernard Dupont, the Dahomey emissary of President Charles de Gaulle, promptly ordered one for himself.

No one has been more surprised at this *rares-few* of the Sunfish and its sister Sailfish than their inventors, Alexander Bryan and Cortland Heyniger, whose first syllables combine to form the name of the company they head: Alcott. Alex and Cort have been combining their talents, off and on, for years, but when they started Alcott in a loft in Waterbury, Conn. they had no idea of building a boat at all. "We used to build things together as boys," said Bryan, a solidly set man with a catching smile. "We made little buggies, cars, tree houses, huts, iceboats. We even built a glider once. But," he paused painfully, "it didn't work." Later on Bryan went to Yale. Heyniger, a tall, spare man with an addiction for bow ties, went to

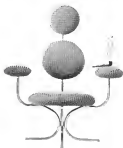
Dartmouth. During the war Heyniger served in the European and Pacific theaters as a naval officer, while Bryan flew copilot for Pan American-Grace Airways in South America.

At war's end, tired of doing things they had no heart for, the friends "decided to go to work doing something we wanted to do." They pooled the tools they had accumulated and rented the loft of an old Waterbury lumberyard. "The only trouble was," says Bryan, "we didn't know what we were going to make." Alcott's first order was for six drawer handles. It was followed by one for a very special tie rack for one of the company's directors, who was willing to pay as much as \$1.50 for the job. Next Alcott turned to an ingenious toy called the Klockity-Klack-Marble-Track, but employees (all two of them) spent more time playing with the game than making it. After that they tried their hand at a few iceboats. Then came the momentous order for some Red Cross surfboards designed for rescuing people in trouble off beaches.

Considering this a real challenge, the partners began busily experimenting. First they raised an old canoe sail on the surfboard and went sailing in a nearby lake. Then they added outriggers and fiddled with rudder placement. But to no avail. "There were only two people in the world who could sail the thing," laughs Bryan.

continued

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SAILING SURFBOARDS *continued*

Undismayed, Bryan and Heyniger designed their first honest-to-goodness sailing craft largely by guesswork. Its length was dictated by the size of a 12-foot piece of plywood (for the deck and bottom), while its shape was decided by, as Bryan puts it, "the amount of bend a 3/4-inch piece of Sitka spruce would take."

The boat—christened "Saifish"—was an almost instant success. "In the beginning we doubled our sales every year," says Bryan, "but our sales were so infinitesimal to start with that it didn't mean much." In 1947 the total output was only 136 boats, but the sales kept on climbing. Bryan and Heyniger still don't know why. "I guess," says Bryan, "that in the Saifish we stumbled on something very elementary. We gave people a simple boat that really suited their purposes, and I don't understand why nobody thought of it before."

In 1951, still swearing by simplicity and building with plywood only, Alcott added the only slightly more sophisticated Sunfish (it had a kind of dimple by way of a cockpit in the middle of its deck) to the Saifish line. Sales mounted still higher but volume was small. Then, in 1958, Fiberglas came to Alcott, and their shop became a factory. The smell of shavings gave way to the sweet, synthetic odor of polyester resin. Without biting the glassy hand that feeds them, Bryan mourns the change. "When we were working with wood, the shop smelled nice. I think we had more fun then," he says.

But with glass came profits. In 1949 Alcott grossed \$35,000, in 1963 it took in \$2 million before expenses. And instead of ordering sails from Ratsey & Laphorn by the dozen or even the gross, Alcott bought them 7,000 at a crack. Soon they began to run out of factory space, and in a few weeks their whole enterprise will move to a new plant three times bigger than the old one.

Alcott's new quarters look more like a G.M. assembly line than a boatbuilding shed. Overhead, traveling slings will

carry unfinished boats from one assembly station to the next. There are plush offices, special woodworking shops, storage space and a railroad spur. Here Alcott and its 50 employees will not only make more Saifishes and Sunfishes to add to the 40,000 already afloat, but will repair them as well. "Some woman," says one old Alcott hand sadly, "is always running over her husband's boat in the driveway."

There probably is no way to prevent this new and unique hazard to sailboat-



AL BRYAN AND CORT HEYNIGER ADDED UP TO ALCOTT

ing, but Alcott's colorful floating chips have proved themselves immune to most others. Surfboard or sailboat, call them what you will, the Sunfish and the Saifish are the simplest, best-performing, least demanding and most exhilarating sailing craft of their size and price ever built. Zephyrs push them faster than vessels many times their size, with a strong wind behind them they scoot along at fantastic rates, leaving their damp crews, perched inches above the wash, with the prolonged breathless feeling a surfer gets riding the crest of a roller off Waikiki. One Sunfish devotee even rides his boat standing up, in the best Hawaiian surfboard fashion.

Sunfishes and Saifishes will turn over if you look at them crosswise, but this only adds to the fun of sailing them. They can be righted almost as quickly as

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they capsize and, short of attack by submarine, they are unsinkable. Actually, their tippiness makes them ideal training craft for kids, since they safely demonstrate that capsizing is a normal part of small-boat racing. They give neophytes practical lessons in recovering from a flip—lessons that pay dividends later in bigger, more sophisticated boats.

Basically, all that either a Sunfish or a Sailfish consists of is a Spartan leaf-shaped hull, pierced with a slot for a daggerboard (a drop keel that allows the boats to sail against the wind), a rudder, a stumpy mast and a handkerchief-sized, lateen-shaped sail with a halyard to raise it. The whole rig can be assembled in a couple of minutes. Small enough to stash in garages, the little boats fit neatly on top of most compact cars.

Three models of the Sailfish are available, two of the Sunfish. The baby Sailfish (the Standard) is 11 feet 7½ inches long, has a beam of 31½ inches and spreads 65 square feet of nylon or Dacron sail. It weighs 82 pounds and will support one 300-pound adult or six 50-pound children. The Standard model comes in do-it-yourself kit form and sells for a low \$209. The middle-size Sailfish (the Super) also comes in knockdown, wooden kit style but is slightly shorter, wider and heavier than the Standard, and 400 pounds' worth of human can crouch on its deck. It sells for \$239.

Focest of the Sailfish group is the Super Sailfish Mark II. Factory-finished of glossy Fiberglas, the Mark II weighs less than the Super (98 pounds), can carry as much (400 pounds) but sells for more: \$394.

The Cadillacs of the Akort fleet are the Sunfishes, which come in plywood kits and Fiberglas, ready to sail. They measure more than 13 feet 7 inches from stem to stern and have a beam about a foot wider than the Sailfish. The Sunfish kit, like the Sailfish, consists of wooden parts (deck, sides, daggerboard and rudder) and comes complete with sail. The kit Sunfish is slightly smaller but heavier than the molded, factory-finished Fiberglass version, but both have sail areas of 75 square feet and crew capacities of 500 pounds. The Sunfish kit costs \$297—\$179 less than the glass boat.

To complete the catch, Akort is now scaling sail another little Fish—the "Cat-

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SAILING SURFBOARDS

fish," a single-sailed catamaran that will be heavier (160 pounds), wider (72 inches) and shorter than the Sunfish and will look vaguely like a pair of Fiberglas dolphins harnessed together.

Now sailors will take to the Catfish is still unknown, but the popularity of the Sunfish, which outsells the Sailfish about 3 to 1, is well established. There are 36 Sunfish fleets in the U.S., Canada and Bermuda, plus 40 Sailfish fleets, and most of their members are at least borderline fanatics. Some of the wildest groups of Sunfishermen are in Bermuda: Bermuda's Salt Kettle Sailing and Planning Club and the Palmetto Bay Sailing and Gliding Club. Nearly all Bermudians sail Sunfishes, in fact, from Lady Gascoigne, wife of the governor, to the gas station attendant who services her car. Among them are ocean-racing types and some of the hottest dinghy sailors in the world.

Not content to use their new craft as just another boat for another race, the Bermuda Sunfishers have devised some zany new racing twists. One is to fly kites from the sterns of Sunfishes while sailing around the course. Another more violent one is Sunfish water polo. For more ambitious Bermudians there are relay events, in which the Sunfishes sail twice around a triangle, picking up new skippers at each mark. As each one clambers aboard, his predecessor is demoted to crewman and serves as ballast until the boat built for two is laboring under the weight of six or more.

Perhaps the most heroic of all Sunfish skippers is Bermuda's Colin Curtis. Racing his Sunfish one day last year with a dazzling young thing for crew, Curtis was nonplussed to find he had lost his daggerboard somewhere ashore. As this piece of equipment is indispensable for heeling to windward and since "home" lay that way, Curtis and his crew were in a bind. But Curtis is made of stern stuff, and instead of flapping aimlessly around or getting a tow back he ran downwind to one of the islands that dot Harrington Sound, swam to another island in search of a rowboat, found one, rowed to land, flagged a taxi, drove to the Yacht Club, borrowed a spare daggerboard, taxied back, rowed back to the island, left the rowboat where he had found it, swam back to his Sunfish and his comely crew board in hand—and finished the race.

Let those who would sail only in cup defenders match that, say the men of the Sunfish.

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Don Carter favors the Miracle Tracking Action and predictable performance of the new 34.95 CROWN JEWEL balls teamed with the firm-footed feel of new BULLDOG shoes at 11.95. Don also picks the CARAVELLE bowling case, just 13.95.



for Mom

Marion Ladewig picks a LADY BRUNSWICK bowling ball in charcoal gray and explosive pink at 27.95, new flight-styled FLAMINGO shoes, 9.95, and a ladylike SEVILLE bag in rich-looking tapestry that costs only 8.95!



for the kids

Shirley Garms suggests Brunswick's new 8 or 9-pound BANTAM ball at only 19.95 and a neat, durable CHEVRON bag for only 3.95. Girls' NASSAU shoes shown below, just 4.95, washable uppers, too! Other low-priced shoe models for boys.



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for Pro's

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for everyone

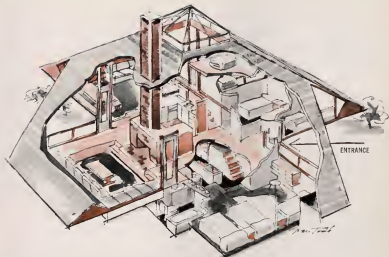
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The photograph at left and drawing above look into ski house from same elevation. Cutaway shows the four levels. On ground level there is kitchen core, living and dining areas. Sleeping lofts are above. Half below ground are four bedrooms; entirely below, two baths and (not shown) a furnace room.

A FOUR-LEVEL IGLOO FOR FOURTEEN

The ingeniously compact ski house on these pages is 50% igloo, 50% submarine and 100% efficient. Its unique design is the product of the challenge Richard Pinkham proffered to John Black Lee, a New Canaan architect who—not incidentally—is also a member of the National Ski Patrol. There are six skiing Pinkhams: Dick, a New York advertising executive; Bannie, a wife with a den mother's serenity; Penny, a senior at Radcliffe; and Dick Jr., David and Betty, prep schoolers. They built their ski house as a

family meeting ground in West Dover, Vt., convenient to schools in New England and home in Rye, N.Y. When the family comes for a week-end or a week of skiing, each boy and girl may bring two guests. Six Pinkhams plus eight guests equals 14. The problem Architect Lee had to solve was how to sleep and feed this kind of teen-age mob in a house that would be neither dormitory nor hotel but combines the facilities of both in 2,000 economic square feet.

The outside of the house is a cedar-shingled pyramid,

which becomes both wall and roof, with a skylighted apex and the corners cut off and glassed in; the outlook is pine forests on one side, Mt. Snow across the valley. Skis are left outdoors; boots are left in a well-heated entrance hall. The plastic-coated floors, ceilings and walls are of pine. Heat from the oil furnace in the basement-workroom flows through holes around the baseboards, and the windows never frost up. The living room (left), its back to the wind, looks snugly toward a brick hearth.

continued

SKI HOUSE (continued)

John Lee, an ex-naval officer, used over head and below-deck space as tidily as a naval architect. Storage space is sandwiched into every nook—such as the low area where the ceiling slopes to the ground. Much furniture is built-in. Two of the four bedrooms have cozy bunks above closets (*left*). The operations center—the kitchen—is housed in two L-shaped units, directly above the furnace and bathroom core. All pipes are thus kept away from outside walls where freezing is a danger. Above the kitchen, wide, sturdy platforms (*opposite, extreme right*) reached by ladder become sleeping-bag lofts by night, by day, they provide the best seats in the house for seeing what's for dinner.

The naval efficiency does not stop with the architecture.

On full-house weekends there is a duty watch, with a Pinkham child as mate. Everyone makes his own bed and breakfast, but the watch keeps the fire in order, sets the table, helps with dinner and does KP afterwards.

The Pinkhams visit their house year round—for spring and summer golf and riding; for the spectacular autumn foliage of October. They have found still another way to make this \$30,000 investment a worthwhile one: when they are away the nearby Snowbrook Club rents the house for them by the weekend or week to other ski families.

A system that has been developed in many resort areas to make the second house a practical possibility. For additional news of worthwhile ski investments, turn the page.

—FRED R. SMITH



Not only is space saved—as in the built-in bunk in the bedroom at left—but so is time: Young Dave Pinkham, in favorite bowler (*below*), becomes after ski short-order cook, with the aid of a drugstore-variety soap-heating unit. At right, Bessie Pinkham serves lunch to men of her family and two girl guests.







U.S. Olympic racers show off their team uniforms at Mammoth Mountain, Calif., before taking off for Europe. Gordi Eaton (left) and Rip McIlanus are wearing the racing uniforms. Margo Walters wears the women's parade suit, of blue stretch top and bottom with red and white stripes (men's suit is similar).



A BANNER YEAR FOR AMERICAN SKI CLOTHES

When the U.S. Olympic Alpine squad took off for two months of training in Europe two weeks ago, it was not only in the best shape of any U.S. Winter Olympic team (SI, Dec. 2), it was also the best outfitted. The skiers will parade, race and even wax their skis in uniforms that for the first time will be the equals of those worn by the Austrians, the Germans, the Swedes and the French, who took best-dressed honors in 1960. There will be no tossing of boots into the ocean, as there was on the way to St. Moritz in 1948, or dumping of uniforms on secondhand ski shops. When the 150 members of the U.S. team parade into the ski-jump area in their blue Edelweiss stretch suits with red and white stripes down arms and legs for the opening ceremonies on Jan. 29, they will look the part of a squad to contend with—not like timber cruisers in red trappers' hats, as they did at Cortina in '56. The Alpinists will race in the team's special pride, the navy Rofle stretch jacket and pants, made body-conforming but not confining by inserts of two-way stretch on the torso and in white stripes down arms and legs. All the rest of the gear, for the Nordic teams,

the biathlon team, the skaters and the sledders, in competition and at ease in the Olympic Village—\$60,000 worth in all, donated by U.S. manufacturers—measures up to the same high standards. Part of the credit goes to the tough supplies committee that refused to accept anything offered by overzealous manufacturers that a ski team did not need and could not wear with pride. The rest belongs to the makers of U.S. ski apparel, who are now producing ski clothes that compete with the best from Europe.

This week, as recreational skiers were giving ski shops across America the biggest pre-Christmas business they have ever had, they were no longer saying "Bogner" as a synonym for stretch pants nor were they looking down their noses at a made-in-U.S.A. parka. In fact, Anglo, the main supplier of U.S. ski stretch-pants fabric, has doubled its business this year. And the design of the most wanted parka in the country this season is a completely American innovation. It is the cartridge quilt, which has stretch within the quilting to make it fit almost as snugly as a racer's jacket, yet give comfort in action. Two cartridge quilts

are illustrated above, the girl's by Ernst Engel, the man's by White Stag. McGregor's stretch quilts are the best-selling parkas in their new line of men's and women's ski clothes. Most of them have stand-up mandarin collars with hoods that are hidden away inside.

Other early made-in-U.S.A. successes in the ski shops this season are boiled-wool pull-overs and jackets, dyed to match ski pants and made from fabric that is processed before it is cut—not boiled and shrunk afterward, as are the Austrian versions. Youngsters are buying stretch pants with "tracer" stripes to look like racers, or sewing stripes on their old pants. It is a good idea to be able to ski like a racer if you wear that look. Young skiers are also buying knickers—corduroy is the favorite, but stretch is coming up. Whatever the color, pants and parkas match. Women are buying pink, camel and mallow blue. The men are buying Burgundy red and black. In a year when the sleek look replaces the bulky one, the sleekest parka of all is tailored of black nylon cord. It makes a girl resemble a wet seal in the snow.

—JO AHREN ZILL

The U.S. has more than once been called upon to assume responsibility for a sick world, but never with less global impact than last week when slim, blonde, blue-eyed Miss U.S.A. (née Marite Ozers of Chicago, 37-24-37) was rushed in as a substitute for ailing Miss Universe (alias Ieda Maria Vargas of Brazil) in a press agent's nightmare of sport that included water skiing on Florida's Biscayne Bay and snow skiing on Maine's Sugarloaf Mountain—all in a single day. "I enjoyed the Miami part," said Miss U.S.A., who had never been on skis in the snow before, "because it was warmer."

When word got to Moscow that Finland's President Urho Kekkonen (at right, below) was a fair hand at shooting game, good neighbor Nikita Khrushchev promptly invited

him over to try his luck on the Russian side of the fence. It seems likely that the Finnish Nimrod went loaded for bear, but what he got—besides a look at his host's new abominable snowman hat—was a fine Russian elk.

If a Finnish president can find time for sport, so can a U.S. ambassador, in the opinion of Carl T. Rowan, the first Negro to serve in that capacity in Helsinki. "It is just as much a part of an ambassador's job to go bowling, to go golfing and to go to track meets," said Rowan in one of the most diplomatic statements an envoy ever made in the land of Paavo Nurmi, "as it is for him to go to tea parties."

"It looks like a fairly good year for us," said New York Met outfielder Duke Snider

in what appeared at first to be an unexpected endorsement for the losingest team in the majors. Alas, he was not referring to the ball team, but to the fine crop of avocados coming up on farms around Fallbrook, Calif., where the Duke has just been made president of the chamber of commerce.

"Thank goodness I was sitting down when the phone call came, or I might have fallen," said Mrs. Precious Humble, a widowed grandmother of Fairless Hills, Pa. The caller who caused such a flutter was President Lyndon B. Johnson, who rang up to ask Mrs. Humble to be his guest at the Army-Navy football game. Mrs. Humble, it seems, had been conducting a long and warm correspondence about sports with the late President Kennedy that began way back when he was campaigning for the job. The two 50-yard-line seats offered by JFK's successor were a kind of memorial. "There really was nothing special in the letters," said Mrs. Humble. "I wrote about my grandson and his school. When it was baseball season I wrote about baseball. When football was in season I wrote about football. It was like writing to a friend."

If bullring aficionados are impressed at the perfectly executed *verónica* with which Richard Burton avoids a liquor tray thrown at him by Ava Gardner in the movie *Night of the Igloo*, they can thank Author-Critic Barnaby Conrad. Conrad was just passing by when the actors were working on the scene on location in Mexico and, at Burton's urging, he gave the

proud ex-Roman some tips from the *corrida*. "He took the instruction beautifully," said Conrad of Burton. "In an hour he looked just like Manolete."

While Ava and Richard were mixing it up down in Mexico, on-Broadway's off-beat Coleen Dewhurst and Lou Antonio, who plays her husband in *The Ballad of the Sad Cafe*, were taking boxing lessons together in a local gym. Their purpose: to avoid hurting one another in the play's conubial fight scene.

Senator Paul Douglas, a reformer who once recommended that all reformers adopt a few minor vices, gave lukewarm endorsement to Philadelphia Eagle Pete Retzlaff's suggestion that the new tax bill allow professional athletes a deduction "for depletion of their physical strength, stamina and skills." He pooh-poohed a fellow Senator's suggestion that a similar allowance be granted to legislators likely to outlive their usefulness, however. When a Senator wears out, said Douglas, "he becomes a lobbyist and his earning power increases."

A loyal disciple of St. Peter the Fisherman, Bishop Reuben Herbert Mueller, the new president of the National Council of Churches, wants plenty of changes in church practice—more action on civil rights, for example—but none in the ancient art of angling. "I was born with a fishing rod in my hand," said Bishop Mueller, "and I don't mean one of those fancy rigs. I mean a willow pole. I like to sit in the sun and watch the bobber."





A traditional Christmas egg nog—made with gold label Puerto Rican rum, of course! Photograph by Alan Fontaine.

How to make a traditional Christmas egg nog without goofing

(and why you should insist on gold label Puerto Rican rum)

IF YOU really want to delight your friends with a Christmas egg nog, make it with *rum*. There's plenty of precedent. After all, this Early American merry cup started with rum.

Today, the grand tradition continues—but with a notable improvement: *gold label* Puerto Rican rum. They simply refuse to be subverted in an egg nog. Reason: they are distilled at high proof and

aged in oak—it's the law in Puerto Rico.

Here are two great recipes for a traditional egg nog. Use the one that suits your own tempo and taste.

Quick recipe: Add 8 oz. gold label Puerto Rican rum to 1 qt. of egg nog mix from your dairy. Fold in 1 cup stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill. Dust with nutmeg. Serves 8.

Standard recipe: Beat 12 egg yolks until

light. Beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar until thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a fifth of gold label Puerto Rican rum. Chill 3 hrs. Pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. stiffly whipped heavy cream. Chill 1 hr. Dust with nutmeg. Serves 20.

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Dr Pepper Company, Dallas, Texas, 1963

The gimmicky golf business never stops trying to help out the poor hacker. It now offers a revolutionary change that it claims can give

A new grip on the game

No one should confuse the role in history being played by a Fairfield, Conn. tax attorney named John Garrity with that of the caveman who invented the wheel, but a recent Garrity creation may inspire the same annoyed reaction among modern-day golfers that the first wheel must have caused. "Why didn't I think of that?"

Garrity, an 8-handicap player who has struggled with the game since the late 1930s, has designed a new golf-club grip, one that reverses both the principle and the shape of the old grip. What he has done is basic. He has moved the narrow end of the grip from the bottom, where it is on all conventional clubs, to the top. In Garrity's revolutionary design, called the "G" Grip, the last three fingers of the left hand are on the thinnest part of the handle, while the three longest fingers of the right hand are on the thickest portion. This does two important things, says Garrity, and professionals who are trying out his grip agree. It strengthens the hold of the left hand, which is often a problem for weekend players, and it reduces the excessive power that the right hand sometimes generates, a continuing difficulty for the touring pros.

This design first occurred to Garrity a year ago as he sat in his car at an intersection waiting for a red light to turn green. "For years I had been losing control of the club with my left hand at the top of the swing," he says. "I had tried every cure. Suddenly it occurred to me that the fault might lie with the grip on the club, not with me."

Starting with a model he carved out



of wood, Garrity experimented with his new design for months, and sought the advice of several professionals. Finally, by August, he had some rubber models he could show to the touring pros, who were then in Hartford, Conn.

The grips, tapered at both ends like a cigar, drew a good response from numerous players. "I think you've got it," Joe Campbell told Garrity. In early October, Campbell, Bob McCallister and Gardner Dickinson all agreed, in exchange for shares in the new enterprise, to use the "G" Grip on the

tour. In late October, Garrity got his first mass-produced batch of 350 grips out of the molds, hardly giving them time to cool before rushing off to the Almaden Open in San Jose, Calif. to promote them. Soon more professionals, including Doug Sanders, Jacky Cupet, Don Fairfield and Fred Hawkins were trying out the new grips.

"The hands work together so well," says Bob McCallister, "that it sometimes feels impossible to hook or slice," a view admittedly enhanced by the fact that he shot six straight birdies during one round at the Almaden Open.

Garrity is now ready to produce 6,000 grips per week. A set of 14 "G" Grips costs \$15, and comes with assembly instructions to permit home installation. There are several colors, two sizes and three degrees of hardness available. The new grips come in only one material, a soft rubber. A lot of testing is in order before the grips become widely used—but they are an interesting innovation in a gimmick-minded business.

END

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With the Packers, a stumble is not a bad fall

The Green Bay Packers, facing for the first time in three years the possibility that they would not finish as world champions, were a grim lot in Los Angeles last week before their game with the Rams. This was as out of character for the Packers as it would be for Cassius Clay, although not given to braggadocio, the Packers have been a notably lighthearted team during the years of their eminence.

"I can't figure what they will do in this game," a team official said worriedly as the Packers waited to board the bus to the Coliseum. "This is not the team I've known. I don't understand whether they are holding in a tremendous determination or whether they're beginning to run scared. I hope that's not it."

In the first half, as the Rams took a 14-10 lead, Green Bay appeared to be running scared. But in the second half the Packers played with all the precision and impact that has brought them two world championships in a row. They won

31-14 and seemed bent on refuting the experts who have predicted the end of the Green Bay dynasty.

The Packers concentrated on the softest spot in the Ram pass defense—right corner back, a position young Bobby Smith is trying to master after one season at safety. He learned a great deal on Saturday, a very warm afternoon in all respects, from aging End Max McGee, who caught seven passes for 105 yards and three touchdowns. Smith's apprenticeship cost the Rams much more than they could afford, although it is only fair to say that McGee was just as effective against Carver Shannon, Smith's replacement.

The Packer offensive line, which three weeks before had failed notably to make running room for its backs against the Chicago Bears, moved the Ram line easily throughout the second half. This Ram line, significantly, was bigger than the Bears'. What was the difference? "We got an eight-day rest after our Thanksgiving Day game with Detroit," Packer Center Jim Ringo said. "That helped us a lot. People keep asking what has happened to us and whether we've slipped. We haven't had a bad season. Anytime you play 13 games in this league and only lose two, you should be leading."

Fuzzy Thurston, the capable guard who helps animate the Packer offense, feels that the Packers were not emotionally ready for the Bears either time the two teams met this year. "It's a shame we had to play our two shoddiest games against the Bears," he said. "We lost both for the same reason. We got too serious. We were too high. We worked for 10 days getting ready for the Bears in the first game of the season. That's too long. Then we were ready for our

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PRO FOOTBALL *continues*

second Bear game three days ahead. You should have seen us hitting. Man, we were popping as hard as you do in a game. We couldn't wait. We almost knocked each other down getting out on the field. And you know what happened to us [the Packers lost 27-6]. This is a team that doesn't do well when it gets too serious. We have to laugh it up a little, crack jokes, maybe have a beer or two together. We can't make it with the serious bit."

Thurston owns an establishment near Green Bay called The Left Guard. While the place specializes in heavy steaks, its proprietor prefers light humor, except where the Bears are concerned. There the fun-loving entrepreneur draws a line. "It is not over yet," he said last week. "We will win." For the Packers to win, Chicago must lose. That could very well happen next week when the Bears meet the rapidly healing Lions, who themselves might have been in contention at this point had they not suffered so many crippling injuries early in the year.

Some of the tension that has gripped the Packers over the long 1963 season spilled over in the third quarter against the Rams. The Packers had begun to play with the skill one expects from them. Herb Adderley, Green Bay's quick corner back, sliced in front of Ram End Jim Phillips for a beautiful interception. He returned it down the sideline until Phillips wrestled him out of bounds with a high tackle. A few words were exchanged, and Phillips kicked at Adderley. There was nothing furtive about Adderley's response—he simply hit Phillips on the point of the jaw with a gracefully delivered right hook. While Phillips lay immobile on his back, an official banished both men from the game.

"We've been having this personal difficulty for a long time," Adderley said later. "He hits me after the play is over and talks big, and he started it at the beginning of this game, too. So when I intercepted, he got me around the neck, and when I got up I told him he better learn how to tackle as well as how to run pass patterns. Then he kicked me on the leg, and I hit him on the chin. I knew as soon as I did it I should not have lost my head, and maybe most times I wouldn't. But we have had so much to bear."

The unfortunate Phillips, whose chin took the brunt of the accumulated Packer frustrations, dived and left the Ram

dressing room without waiting to offer his version of the incident.

For the teams and coaches in the league who feel that the 1963 Packers represent the beginning of a decline, a couple of experts on the Los Angeles team have discouraging news. "I have been playing against them for quite some time," said Roosevelt Grier, the big tackle who was traded to the Rams this year by the New York Giants for John Lovetere. "This team is no better or worse than any of the other Packer teams I played against [Grier played against the Packers in the championship games of 1961 and 1962.] They are a great football team. They keep coming at you and coming at you until finally something gives. They are no different from what they have been."

Ram Head Coach Harland Svare agreed. "I think they are just as good as ever," he said. "They have the big thing you need to win. Poise. Nothing disturbs them. We had a real good first half Saturday, but it didn't bother them at all. They played their game. They have experience. They know what to do and when to do it and how to do it. Against them, inexperience is the thing that beat us."

All in all, the Packers are as tough at the end of the 1963 season as they were the year before. They could still beat the Bears for the Western title; in the unlikely event of a divisional playoff, Chicago would not manhandle Green Bay as it did the last time the two teams met. As Dave Hanner, the defensive tackle points out, Tom Moore, filling in for Paul Hornung, and Quarterback Bart Starr are both well again after missing part of the season because of injuries. They make a difference.

Couch Vince Lombardi has accomplished an extraordinary feat in developing the Packers. Green Bay is not a physically big team. Their lack of overpowering size makes it necessary for the Packer players to be at an emotional and physical peak each Sunday. One asset they do have, however, is their bench. It is deeper in talented performers than any other in pro football. This showed again last week when Ray Nitschke, the middle linebacker, watched from the sidelines with a broken arm. Young Dave Robinson played his first full game at corner linebacker, and Bill Forester moved over to fill Nitschke's position. Both were excellent.

The Packer dynasty may be in trouble, but it is not through.

END

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Two yards and the clock

They were all that stood between Army and the upset of the year, but Navy and confusion won out

The 1963 Army-Navy game will surely be remembered for the play that never was. Army kept its poise (too much poise) but Navy kept the game, 21-15, and in so doing won the right to meet National Champion Texas in the Cotton Bowl on Jan. 1. Had Army won, it would have replaced Navy in Dallas, despite its 28-0 loss to once-beaten but apparently unwanted Pittsburgh.

The Cadets from West Point, who put forth a heroic effort all afternoon, were not much more disappointed than many of the 100,000 in attendance and the millions who watched on television. Indeed, all anyone wanted as those last precious seconds were squandered down on the field was for Army to run its fourth-down play from Navy's two-yard line. Whatever had resulted—an Army score or a brave Navy stand—would have made a perfect ending to a brilliant day of college football.

From the opening moments it was evident that this 64th annual game might be memorable. The blocking and tackling was so fierce that Texas Coach Darrell Royal, whose own teams are noted for their aggressive style, was impressed. Watching from the press box, Royal said, "I'll tell you one thing. Nobody's backing off down there. They're trying to maim each other."

If it seemed that the Cadets were slightly more aroused, this was due at least in part to Army's line scouting of Navy. On its first possession, Army rammed 65 yards to a touchdown by running outside of Navy's normal 4-4-3 defense. Army set a flanker to take away Navy's corner back, and then swept aside the end. Curiously, Navy did not alter its defense throughout the first half, which ended 7-7.

In the second half Navy's defense looked the same, but subtle adjustments were made by the charging linemen, and Army found the going tougher. Meanwhile Quarterback Roger Staubach, Navy's Heisman Award winner, responded to the gravity of the occasion with his own running and passing and by exploiting the talents of Fullback Pat Donnelly. Navy went ahead, stopped Army on its own eight and then increased the margin to what looked like a safe 21-7 lead with only 10:32 remaining.

"I had no idea Staubach was that quick," said Royal. "You've got to be under control when you rush him. He loves to come out of there, doesn't he? Well, one reason he gets away with it is because the linebackers are dropping off to defend against the pass, and when he decides to run he's quick enough to get away from those old clubfooted tackles and guards."

Just when Royal was adjusted to the idea of meeting Navy in the Cotton Bowl, however, the Midshipmen suddenly were confronted with a whole series of crises. Army came back to life on the running of Quarterback Carl Stuchweh, who very nearly out-Staubached the Navy; his chief aide was Halfback Ken Waldrop. The Cadets moved smartly to a touchdown and a two-point conversion, both supplied by Stuchweh's roll-outs. Royal said, "They're going to try an on-side kick just as soon as the referee gives them the ball. What we do in a situation like this is put our backs and ends up on the front line. They're more agile."

Time was with Army

Navy made no such move, and the agile man was Stuchweh, who recovered the kick for Army 11 yards downfield at the Navy 49-yard line. Now all that had gone before was meaningless. Army had the ball and the momentum, and the clock showed six minutes and 13 seconds—plenty of time to score its first victory over Navy since 1958, and its first ever over Navy Coach Wayne Hardin.

Army Coach Paul Dietzel waved his clipboard. Navy's Hardin unbuttoned his coat and put his hands on his waist, and the Cadets chanted, "SMU and Army, too," reminding all within ear-

continued



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shot that Navy had been beaten once
this season, by Southern Methodist.
Waldrop, Fullback Ray Pyske and Stuch-
weh moved Army surely but with ag-
onizing deliberation toward the goal.
With a minute and 38 seconds left, the
Cadets had a first down on the Navy
seven—still plenty of time—but there
could have been even more had Army
not gone about it all so methodically,
as though minutes were as plentiful as
seconds. Once before, when time was
called for a first-down measurement at
the Navy 22, Army had neglected to take
advantage of the interlude to call its next
play, and only after the clock began to
run again did the Cadets huddle. More
than 20 seconds would have been saved
in that instance. Nor did Army ever de-
liberately throw the ball beyond a re-
ceiver's hand in order to stop the clock
or go into what most teams call a "two-
minute drill," which requires calling a
series of plays in the huddle and running
them in sequence to conserve time.

Army's ultimate downfall, therefore,
was its own indulgence. When it needed
time the most—in the last 58 seconds,
third down on the four and no time-
outs left—it was still deliberating and
forcing its luck to what, finally, was the
breaking point. Referee Barney Finn
stopped the clock momentarily so that
Stuchweh's signals might be heard. This
was a break for Army, but the Cadets
unwisely rehuddled, unaware that the
clock had been restarted. There was no
margin left when Navy's defenders were
slow in getting untangled from Army's
Donnelly—and the officials were unac-
countably slower in resolving the diffi-
culty—on what turned out to be the last
play of the ball game. Stuchweh seemed
as helpless as a boy caught with an in-
adequate alibi.

"I was underneath all of it," said Navy
Tackle Jim Freeman, "but I had sort of
a peephole to look at the clock. I was
in no hurry to get up." Navy Guard
Alex Kerkich was also there: "I don't
think any Navy player was in a hurry
to get up." And Navy Guard Fred Mar-
lin was there: "I think Army caused
some of the confusion. They were scam-
bling around, trying to get up, and kept
knocking everyone back down."

Navy's Roger Staubach was not there.
He stood helpless on the sidelines next
to Wayne Hardin and prayed. "I must
have said a hundred Hail Marys," he
told a reporter later.

END

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Smaller and better eyes for the human fish

A novel contact lens that replaces the bulky face mask now enables divers to see as well underwater as they do in the air



As any properly educated diver knows, the human eye cannot focus decently underwater without the aid of a face mask. In view of this, Dr. Alan Grant and Miss Marcie Farris of Washington, D.C., would appear to be the stupidest divers ever to go below. Actually, they are two of the smartest. In the two months since they took up the sport, neither Dr. Grant nor Marcie Farris has ever worn an orthodox face mask, yet every discrete detail of the trochus shell they are examining in the picture at the left shows clearly, because both of them are wearing what amounts to a tiny face mask on each eyeball. By using specially designed contact lenses as "face masks," Dr. Grant and Marcie Farris are, in fact, able to see better than divers have ever seen before.

Although the lenses that Dr. Grant invented in collaboration with Captain Edward Beckman of the U.S. Naval Medical Research Institute are spectacularly efficient and novel, the physical laws on which they are based are simple and ancient. The effect of any optical system, in the ultimate, depends on how much a ray of light bends, or refracts, when passing at an angle from one medium into another of different density. When light passes from air through the denser components of the eye, it bends considerably, the bent rays gathering into a sharp image on the retina. Since water is only slightly denser than the components of the eye, the light barely bends at all underwater, and the sharp image is formed theoretically far behind the retina. To focus properly on its retina underwater, the eyeball would have to be about the size of a basketball.

Long before diving was a sport or even a reasonably efficient profession, technicians and dabblers had found a number of ways to adapt the eye for use underwater. By far the simplest was to put a boundary of air between the water and the eye so that the full refractive power of the eye remained in force. An orthodox face mask works on this principle—and so do the tiny lenses designed by Dr. Grant. While an orthodox face mask solves the all-important problem of focus, it creates another. A face-masked diver is, in effect, merely looking through a porthole. His field of view is a mere 75°, a drastic reduction from

CO-INVENTOR Alan Grant and his assistant, Marcie Farris, try out novel lenses underwater.

the wide angle of 180° to which he is accustomed above water. But with their contact-type air lenses, which have a front plate barely a third of an inch in diameter, Dr. Grant and Marce Farris command a view of more than 140°, sacrificing very little of the peripheral vision that makes the human binocular system such a remarkable affair. Any diver who has spent much time hunting fish, avoiding sharks, trying to keep tabs on a diving buddy, taking pictures or doing any kind of underwater work can appreciate the importance of peripheral vision. Anyone else can appreciate it simply by putting on an orthodox face mask on land and trying to go about his usual, above-water business while looking through this narrow tunnel.

The idea for contact air lenses was first born in the mind of Captain Beckman several years ago while he was involved in a research program that had nothing to do with the underwater world. In determining the effects of acceleration and deceleration on aeronautes and astronauts, it is sometimes expedient to immerse them in water because it is incompressible. It happens that one of the first indications of improper circulation of the blood is loss of peripheral vision. Captain Beckman needed some device that would permit human guinea pigs to use their eyes well in water. His quest took him through Navy channels to Dr. Grant, an optometrist who does normal contact lens work and also specializes in unique contact lenses highly favored by athletes who do not want their expensive optics flying all over the playing field every time they are knocked in the head.

The inner layer of the diver's contact lenses that Beckman and Grant developed are known in the trade as scleral contact lenses because they cover not only the cornea but also the sclera, or white part of the eye. Their particular virtue for any athlete is that they stay put. Dr. Grant, a competent swimmer who trailed in the wake of Ohio State's champions 15 years ago, has done racing dives and leaps from three-meter springboards without losing a lens. Even if a lens should fall out, the diver has little worry; because of the air space between the inner layer and the "face mask" cap, the lenses float. Captain Beckman and members of his research team have worn the contact lenses to a depth of 300 feet with no appreciable loss in acuity.

continued



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DIVING *continued*

While peripheral vision is perhaps the major advantage of the lenses, there are others. They are made of unshatterable plastic that is on a par optically with good glass. A diver can focus through them above water as well as below. The air void in each lens is small and is sealed up in a desiccated atmosphere so there can be no fogging. The near-sighted or farsighted diver who needs a prescription built into his face mask can have the same prescription incorporated even more efficiently in his contact air lenses. Without an orthodox face mask blocking his way, an underwater photographer can get his eye properly close to a normal viewing lens. For any



HELD FIRMLY in place by eyelids, contact air lens protrudes only about 1/4" of an inch.

diver, equalizing pressure on the eardrums is now simple; with the nose no longer masked, it can be pinched shut underwater as easily as on land. For the proficient free diver who goes 40 feet or deeper on a surface breath, there is no pressure squeeze on the face, or even the impeding resistance of the mask. (One university is considering equipping its swimming team with contact air lenses. If so, its swimmers will have total vision during the critical instant as they approach a flip turn, and they will see every opponent in every lane in the pool.)

Despite their pronounced advantages, the new contact air lenses will never wholly replace the face mask in the market place. Although almost any human eye can be fitted with the lenses, the fitting must be done by an optometrist or an ophthalmologist, and it is doubtful if the cost of a pair will ever go below \$100. As is the case with many good products, not everybody who wants them can afford them.

END

assessing the 1962-63 season, he levied penalty points against every single event held in the U.S. Since the American team trained and raced exclusively at home last season that means the Americans piled up nothing but penalties.

"If I had left the American events unpunished," explained Faure, "her skiers would have been first and second in the list. It would have been all Americans, and it wouldn't have been just. Perhaps I'm a little hard on them, but I have tried to be fair."

Try though he did, Faure's impartial eye failed to observe in clear perspective the fate of Swiss ski star Jos Minsch in the U.S. last spring. During the winter, Minsch had established himself as Europe's best downhill racer. Then he came to America and promptly lost to Buddy Werner in the Hurrman Cup. Finally, on April 4, in the world's last major ski race of the season, the 1963 U.S. nationals, Minsch finished third behind Bill Marolt and Buddy Werner and only .7 second ahead of Chuck Ferries. Yet in the present seedings (see chart pages 16-17), Minsch is seeded first in the downhill, while Werner and Marolt are 12th and Ferries a preposterous 46th.

"The result in America," said Faure the European, "was not enough. Minsch was beaten in America, but he won in an important downhill last year in Innsbruck. The people who beat Minsch should have come there and competed. Innsbruck was a trial Olympics. The Japanese came, all the world, but, alas, not the Americans. It was impossible for me to value the race in Innsbruck equal with the one in America."

Perhaps not, but one other observer who was puzzled by the seedings—though not by the European point of view that brought them about—was Switzerland's Marc Hodler, president of the FIS. "You see, unlike the world of politics, Europe still plays the most important part in skiing," said Hodler, who knows better than anyone what ski victories can mean to countries like France and Austria, where an Olympic hero can be used to great advantage in promoting the winter tourist trade.

"Our racing on the Continent is important because Europe is a very concentrated area with an extremely hard season involving many countries," Hodler continued. "After 10 or 12 races here against each other we have a very exact ranking list. However, I don't know why

Robert Faure rated the Americans so poorly, or what his reflections are."

Faure seemed a bit imprecise on this point himself. "Bud Werner was a good skier in 1960 and 1961," he said, "but then he broke his leg and hasn't been to Europe since." The fact is that Werner broke his leg at the end of 1959, won the giant slalom in Courchevel and Oslo in 1962 and competed that same year in the world championships in Chamonix. Reminded of these things, Faure replied, "The time passes so quickly and I forgot. That year Werner did win one race [he really won two] in Europe. This year he has very good points." Good in this case means not only the poor 12th in downhill, but a downright insulting 21st in slalom and 22nd in giant slalom—overall the best individual seeding of any U.S. team member.

"Ferries had very good points in the slalom in 1962," conceded Faure. That was the year Chuck won the Hahnenkamm slalom in Kitzbuhel and a special slalom in Cortina. "But," said the embattled official, who has listed Ferries 23rd among the world slalom specialists, "I cannot say the same for him in 1963"—when Ferries won the U.S. slalom title over people like Buddy Werner and Jos Minsch.

As the controversy grew hotter last week, and as American ski officials became increasingly angry at what they felt was an attempt to maintain Europe's theoretical ski supremacy by legislation rather than by open racing, FIS President Hodler spoke out more and more strongly for the U.S. point of view. "In my opinion, Werner and Ferries should be rated higher," he said. "Individually they are not correctly placed."

As to Faure's low regard for American racing, Hodler says, "The skiing in America among the top 20 is at least as high as it is here. I am only waiting for the day the Americans win the world championships or the Olympics. It will be good for us. Too many Europeans think when Chuck Ferries wins a race it is a big surprise. It isn't," Hodler further states that last year there was a "general understanding" that there would be a fair comparison between U.S. and European events. "On that basis the Americans were right in thinking that there would be no disadvantage in not coming to Europe. It is contrary to our constitution that any nation should feel it needs to come to Europe."

Hodler's view is difficult to reconcile with Faure's method of gauging races. Astonishingly, Faure revealed that a letter was written last year explaining his own position. "But it never left" until after the races in the U.S. were over. "How was I to know the Americans weren't coming to Europe?" added Faure in his own defense.

Meanwhile, the man most affected by the scandalous men's listings, U.S. Coach Bob Beattie, was trying to force a change, and at the same time to stiffen his team's morale against probable failure. The U.S. fate was not irrevocably sealed, however. Hodler, for instance, was saying, "I don't consider the list final. It can be amended by the skiers themselves doing well in the races coming up now before the Olympics, first in Val d'Isère, and most important, later at the Lauberhorn and the Hahnenkamm."

This was not too hopeful, since what Hodler actually was saying was that in three races between now and the Olympics, America's established international stars will be given a poor chance to prove that they are as good as people they have already beaten. Chuck Ferries, unquestionably one of the world's five best slalom racers, will be allowed to prove he is a little better than 23rd. Buddy Werner, one of the three best in downhill, can show that he isn't 12th. And Billy Kidd, Bill Marolt and Jimmy Heuga, all of whom are admittedly feared—and not just politely—by their high-seeded European rivals, will have a chance to show that they are not just three nice boys in red-white-and-blue ski suits.

However, any decision to change the current men's lists before the Olympics begin must come from Faure. And Faure himself seems pleased that he can please nobody. Four nations in addition to the U.S. have complained about his seeding: Norway, Sweden and, surprisingly, also Austria and France. Faure's belief is that if everybody complains, the seedings must be correct, and therefore should remain untouched. "I didn't consult anyone before the list was issued," he said, "but I would have loved to have had somebody working with me. I've come to the conclusion nobody is happy. My own countrymen called the list scandalous because they wanted 10 of their competitors in the first 20. The next time I don't want the same trouble, just a job of simple mathematics." END

Singing Rivers and a Sea of Mud



From the inhospitable, cypress-studded waters of the Santee-Cooper a dedicated angler shares his wonder at the promises and betrayals of this vast Carolina lake

BY ELLINGTON WHITE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY NICHOLAS SOLOVIOFF



CONTINUED

The singing rivers Wateree and Congaree, rumbling south under willows thick with blackbirds, had dumped tons of mud into the immense bulges of water that mapmakers call Lake Marion and Lake Moultrie but which South Carolinians know as the Santee-Cooper, a name derived from the two rivers that were dammed in the 1940s to make the lakes possible. Ordinarily the water in the Santee-Cooper is the color of weak coffee, neither opaque nor altogether transparent, an intriguing in-between shade such as sunlight might produce if mixed with one part shadow. Ordinarily minnows may be seen near the shoreline, congregating over patches of sand, but nowhere else in either lake does the eye penetrate more than a few feet beneath the surface. When I was last there, however, following heavy rains up and down the eastern seaboard, visibility had shrunk to zero, and even the minnows near the shore moved along in a fog of mud. The surface of the water looked thick enough to walk across, and whenever a fish was lifted out of it you could not be certain whether the fish had been caught or harvested.

I asked Mrs. Frances R. McKeethen, who runs a fishing camp on Lake Marion, the upper lake, if she knew where the mud had come from, and she told me that in her opinion every red ounce of it had come from North Carolina. "People call me on the telephone," she said, "and want to know what the water's like. If it's like it is now, I tell them not to bother coming up unless they don't mind catching North Carolina fish. You know what they are? To catch a South Carolina fish"—she pointed to a three-pound crappie mounted on the wall—"you've got to wait for North Carolina to get out of the lakes."

"How long will that take, Mrs. McKeethen?"

"Two to three weeks, depending on the weather."

"That's a long time."

"North Carolina's a big state."

"But I won't be here in two weeks."

"Too bad. When the water's right, those big rockfish will begin feeding in the cuts off the canal and—"

"Never mind, Mrs. McKeethen. Just tell me where I can find some clear water now."

"Try the bays. You might find an acre or two."

"An acre or two of South Carolina?"

"You might. Look around."

How to find an acre of South Carolina in 160,000 acres of muddy, invading North Carolina water? It was going to be quite a search; that much was clear, even if the water wasn't. I turned to Scholey Pitcher, a Charlestonian who knows his way around the Santee as few other people do, and asked him if he had any ideas where to begin.

"A few," he said. "Let's go."

Scholey and Curtis Harnack, a novelist from New York, had driven up from Charleston with me that morning. This was Curtis' first trip to the Santee, but for me it was this year's version of an annual spring rite, and while Scholey acquainted Curtis with some of the more legendary fish and

folk who haunted the place, I sat on the back seat and prepared myself for the sacrifices ahead by reviewing some of the sacrifices past. The inventory looked like this:

One boat, its bottom left hanging on a stump

One outboard motor, which had caught fire one evening at dusk

One rod, tip broken

Two dozen bucktails, left on as many roots

One bucktail (yellow), left in the mouth of a big rockfish

Spoons (an untold number), left on the bottom

Sweat (gallons), lost going through the wringers of July

Blood fed to mosquitoes; plugs fed to bass

Also bottles of 6-12 and sunglasses dropped overboard, leaders broken, trippets frayed—it was like walking through the halls of a large sporting goods store. Once Scholey and I had missed our landing and crept around in the dark for hours looking for lights on the shore. Another time, with another friend, Louis Rubin, a sudden storm had blown us 20 miles through a mine field of underwater stumps before depositing us, two wrecks, at the feet of a farmer who had come down to witness the Santee having one of its periodic wind fits. (A shallow lake, it tends to bounce when there is much of a wind blowing, and that day it looked like a trampoline.) Gazing at the somersaulting waves, his inland-bred mind not yet accustomed to water, the farmer uttered some memorable words: "She's an ugly-looking son of a bitch when she wants to be. Amn't that a fact?"

It was indeed a fact. There is nothing picturesque about the Santee, either that day or any other. It is a great, flat, sprawling roughneck of a place. Stumps spike the bottom. The forbidding shoreline, with its boggy marshes and undergrown forests, attract moccasins but few houses. Fishing camps have gone up here and there, and during the summer months pleasure boats are seen sliding aimlessly around in the heat of the day, as new-looking this year as they were last, as shining in their plastic-and-chrome splendor. But for some reason the flighty gaiety that one associates with these little craft fails to come off here, and one is not surprised to learn that the Santee has never quite measured up to the vacation land that its boosters long ago envisioned.

Though it was built by man, the Santee has refused to become man's playground. In this lack of cooperation it is like the rockfish, as the natives call the striped bass that live here in startling numbers. Saltwater fish, they have accommodated themselves to fresh water and mud without losing their spirit. In the same manner have the Santee and Cooper rivers accommodated themselves to being lakes without giving up their nature. Brutish still, despite locks and dams, they have settled into the Low Country landscape, themselves unchanged but by their mere presence changing the living habits of the people who were there when they arrived. Pitchforks used yesterday to lift hay onto a wagon today lift carp out of the shallows, and the man in overalls who yesterday took his pleasure lolling on the front porch today takes it on a boat fishing for crappie.

These unpainted skiffs anchored in the shade of a willow

continued



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tree, sides bristling with cane poles, a man at one end, a woman at the other, both wearing straw hats, both immobile—they belong to the Santee scene, and one would no more think of moving them than he would think of moving the Empire State Building. They are part of the terrain. So are the drowsy water birds and the nocturnal catfishermen whose boats drift across the water after dark like pale islands of light. Occasionally you might see a catfisherman in the broad light of day; at least you might see a man carrying catfish. But don't mistake him for one of the professionals, for one of the meat sellers. In all likelihood the man is from the up country, from the Piedmont or from the far-off mountains of West Virginia. Yesterday he drove down, and tomorrow he will drive back with a trunkload of fish: catfish, rockfish, crappie, anything that will bite on cut bait; turtles, jack, carp, anything that swims. It doesn't matter to him what he catches or how. The point is to catch a lot, to go home with a full trunk, and usually he does that. He uses elephant rods and line like barbed wire and operates on the principle that catching a fish means breaking it down to where you can handle it on your own terms, the way you would break a mule. What's the difference as long as you boat the fish?

A brutish place, the Santee has tended to encourage brutish tackle, since all tackle is partly determined by where it is used. Boat rods with steel backbones are ideal. A casting rod, just so it is heavy enough, is acceptable. A

spinning rod—sure, go ahead if that sort of plaything amuses you. But a fly rod! "Mighty big switch you got there, mister. What you aim to do with it?"

Fortunately, I knew all this and didn't set up my rods until we had left Mrs. McKeethen on the first leg of our search for South Carolina. Why submit yourself to scorn if you can avoid it?

We put the boat in the water on the western side of Lake Moultrie and ran up the shoreline looking for a bay where Scholey thought there might be some clear water. It was in this same general area, several years before, that I had seen acres of water churning with feeding rockfish, an awesome sight when gulls swarm overhead, feeding on what the rockfish have rejected, crumbs of shad and pieces of crappie. But today the water was so muddy that if these same schools had appeared they would have had to dig trenches to reach what they were after. Some lakes have learned to live with mud; others, like the Santee, have not. As we labored slowly up the shoreline, the motor groaning under the mud's stubborn weight, the water everywhere oozy and thick, we found the source of all our pleasure in the clear-blue depths of the sky, in the warm sunshine and in the sweet smell of the Low Country on a spring afternoon. While March is a questionable month in most parts of the U.S., in South Carolina it carries at its center the sparks that will ultimately ignite the fires of July and August. Forsythia bushes flame like torches. Dogwood and fruit trees are in bloom, the woods are full of flowers. When Scholey drove the boat onto a spit of land, three or four miles from where we had left the car, Curtis jumped out and pulled us ashore through purplish-blue clumps of wisteria.

"They call this place The Car Top," Scholey said. "Don't ask me why."

A wedge of water perhaps 30 yards wide at the mouth pierced the wall of pine trees in front of us. Although its pointed end was lost among a tangle of black leafless bushes, there was nothing to suggest that the water at that end was any different from the water in the mouth.

"It looks like North Carolina has gotten here ahead of us," I said.

Scholey nodded. "Still, I'm going to give it a whirl. I've caught fish in worse water."

"What in? Nets?"

"You watch, buddy."

I knew from experience that Scholey's optimism operated by a kind of inverse logic: the more hopeless things looked, the higher it rose. Hearing it hum now, I feared the worst.

He and Curtis pulled on their waders and sloshed off down the near side of the little bay. I took the boat and paddled across to the opposite bank, where the water looked deeper and perhaps a shade less muddy. It turned out to be neither. The heavy spoon I was using on a spinning rod quickly found the bottom, and I changed to a lighter spoon, one that Scholey had used the week before,

continued



Gene Sarazen, commentator for Shell's *Wonderful World of Golf*

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before the mud arrived, to take seven bass ranging in size from three to six pounds, ordinary fish by Santee standards but quite acceptable by mine. Discounting the mud, it was a wonderful-looking place: shady, stumpy, fringed with lily pads—ideal bass water. If anything, too ideal: assuming one hooked a fish, how was he to land it among so many obstacles? This is a frequent problem in the Santee, where one's chances of boating a big fish are diminished by the very things that have helped make the fish big. Overtackling is one popular answer; another is to set a heavy drag and hope the fish doesn't discover that a drag is no substitute for wire. It is a lie, of course, this thing you are telling the fish with the drag, but then all worthwhile fishing is a contest between your lie and the fish's truth. And when the fish sees through you, you can take

Top. The names of the bays changed, but the water didn't.

"If worse comes to worst," Scholey said, "we can run down to the Tailrace Canal and catch shad."

"I'm ready to do that now," Curtis said.

So was I. This was the height of the shad season. Every spring hickory and white shad run up the Santee River as far as the dam and, while shad fishing has never been my idea of great sport, that was where we watched the sun go down, anchored in the middle of the Tailrace Canal, catching buck and roe shad on small silver spoons.

"Yes," Scholey said, boating a nice one, "I've got a hunch we're going to beat this mud yet."

Here was the great advantage of shad fishing: it pointed to better things to come.

The architecture of Mac's Fishing Camp, where we spent



comfort from the fact that once again truth has prevailed.

I fished the spoon under bushes. I pulled it just stumps. I trickled it across the lily pads. Then I switched to a fly rod and tried popping small bugs over the same stretch of water. Same results. After an hour of this it was clear to me that The Car Top was not the place we were looking for, but such is the spell of a fly rod that you fall into a trance using it, and I suppose I would have been there until dark if Scholey and Curtis had not come up with the suggestion that we move on down the lake. Neither had raised a fish.

We spent the rest of the afternoon repeating The Car

the night, is Genuine American Motel—or Genuine American Jail, which produced them both: a row of cinder-block cubicles lined up alongside Route 45 in Pineville, S.C. The main building—one hesitates to call it a lodge because that word conjures up deer skins and plaid L. L. Bean blankets, adornments found not at Mac's—is a combination filling station, café, grocery store, living room, beer parlor, tackle shop and general focal point for fishermen up and down the lakes who like to stop in on their way home and talk about what they have caught. Ordinarily, having caught a lot, they talk a lot. But when we were there the only fishermen in sight were ourselves,

continued

and conversation dragged. Mrs. McKeethen was in the kitchen fixing us one of her chicken dinners. Her sons, Hammy and Frank, who help her run the place, were hunched over the counter reading the newspaper, and Charlie Lacy, a guide, was on the telephone trying to whip up a little crappie fishing trade. Business was slow. Tubes of yellow fluorescent light sputtered overhead, and from the field in back came the sound of frogs. Old Blue, a female Chesapeake Bay retriever chained near the door, occasionally sat up on her hind legs and moaned. She was in heat, mud was in the lakes, the fish shed was empty and nobody was playing the pinball machine with its flashy lights and pretty bells. Oh, misery!

Scholey told a story about a guide he knew farther down the lake, a fine rockfisherman, who went on periodic drinking sprees and wound up inevitably a catfisherman.

"Now, there are two kinds of catfishermen," he said. "Those who don't know any better, like the up-country boys, and those who can't do anything else. It's the second kind we've got around here, the pros who make their living from it. Ever see a catfish camp?"

"Not up close," I said.

"Hard to spot, aren't they? For years, I rode by one without knowing it. I thought it was a junk pile. Then one day I saw people moving around and smoke coming from a beat-up automobile trailer and realized what it was."

"If you'd had the window down," Frank said, "you'd have smelled it."

"That's true. You've got to keep on the weather side of a catfish camp. I don't know why, but the smell never seemed to bother this guide I'm telling you about, who's really a superior type fellow except when he's drinking. Then all he can think about is finding a catfish camp and hiring out as an assistant catfisherman, which is a step below a regular catfisherman, if you can imagine such a depth. He usually stays a week or so, then straggles on home. But one time last winter he was gone about a month, and a couple of his friends started worrying about him and decided they would go after him. They told me about it. They said it was night by the time they found the place. Fish heads all over the ground, automobile engines hanging from trees, a general mess. One of the trailers had lights on, but nobody would come to the door, so they went on in. About half a dozen men, they said, were lying around the floor drunk. Some others were playing cards. The man they were looking for, the guide, was standing by a stove at one end of the room stirring a pot with some kind of large bird inside it. All they could see were two long legs sticking above the rim and feathers bubbling around on top. They asked the guide if he was ready to go home. He said he was. The catfishermen had broken him to a cook. When they got outside they inquired about the bird, and he told them it was a blue heron one of the catfishermen had caught that morning."

"That's the way it is with catfishermen," Scholey said. "They'll catch anything."

"What about you fellows?" Hammy asked. "What did you catch?"

Nothing, we told him.

"Find any clear water?"

No.

"Well, I'll tell you what I heard this afternoon," he said. "There was a tackle salesman in here, and according to him there's clear water on the north side of Lake Moultrie. Place they call Russellville. I never was down there myself, but Charlie can tell you how to get there."

"I didn't know Charlie fished anywhere but the upper lake," Scholey said.

"Occasionally he goes down there."

"What's Charlie telling those crappie fishermen on the telephone?" I asked Hammy.

"He's telling them to get up here. The crappie are biting."

"Are they?"

"Crappie always bite."

"North Carolina crappie always bite," said Mrs. McKeethen from the kitchen. "Not South Carolina crappie."

"What about North Carolina bass?" I wanted to know.

"North Carolina bass are what we call perch down here."

"Do you hear that, Scholey? We've been looking for the wrong fish."

"If that tackle salesman's telling the truth, we'll find those perch tomorrow," Scholey said, flashing his optimism again.

Charlie gave us specific directions: go down Route 45 until you come to a fire lookout tower, take a right on a dirt road that runs through the woods several miles until it reaches a dike; there take another right, then a left; follow this road until you strike the lake.

"There used to be a pretty good landing down there," Charlie said, "but it may be under water now."

We were lucky. Though it was partly under water, the landing was still serviceable. The following morning Scholey backed the car down it, and we slid the boat off the trailer. It was 6 a.m. A tingling spring morning. Dew dripped from the trees, and a light feathery mist lay over the lake. A dozen or more turtles had already crawled onto the stern seat of a beached skiff for their morning sun, but as soon as Scholey started the motor they dropped back into the mud. Never mind, the skiff would be there when we had gone. It had been there a long time. Weeds gushed through a hole in the broken bottom, and the bow had parted. The little boat was sinking in rot. In another year there would be nothing showing but the gunwales. A treacherous place, the Santee, which turns skiffs into weed boxes and rockfishermen into catfishermen, both with equal ease and by the same principle that governs decay.

To reach the Russellville area of Lake Moultrie we had to go around a series of small, ragged islands that lie off the north shore. The trip took less than 15 minutes and covered about two miles—a short run in terms of distance, but if

continued



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measured by a change in scenery it was the longest boat ride we had yet taken. In 15 minutes we passed from North Carolina to South Carolina, from muddy water to clear water, from perch to bass. I knew the precise moment we arrived at last in South Carolina: Scholey let his optimism fall overboard and began to scowl.

"Somebody ought to kick me for not figuring this out sooner," he said. "We've had a north wind for days now, and it's either blown the mud out of here or never let it in!"

Whatever the cause, natural or miraculous, the result was beautiful to look upon. In front of the boat and on either side were miles of open grassland flooded by clear water. It looked very much as an enormous marsh does at high tide when only the tips of the grass are showing. Clumps of trees stood here and there, some dead, some with green leaves on the branches, and there were the usual stumps, but the effect was one of vast distance and unobstructed sunlight. Carp had moved in by the thousands, wallowing like hogs in the shallows, and when we got into our waders, we found that we couldn't take a step without a fish of some sort shooting off ahead of us, causing the grass to rustle and part the way it does when a snake is moving through it. I had fished a lot of places, seen a lot of fish, but never had I walked among so many fish as I walked among that day.

I hadn't gotten too far away from the boat when I saw a fish caught, not by one of us, but by a man I had not even known was there until, whooping, he appeared from behind a bush, his rod bent under the pressure of a heavy fish. He was a short man, so short that his wader tops almost touched his chin, and he wore on his head a large round hat with a wide, floppy brim. All hat and in folds of rubber, he had walked straight out of the bush, for all I knew, the spirit of fishing, absorbed in explosive joy! Now the fish turned and led him back from where he had come, still hollering. I caught a glint of his white hat just before he disappeared behind an island where Scholey later encountered him, dragging a string of six bass weighing from three to eight pounds. But I had come as close to him as I would get all day. It didn't seem to matter where I was, in what quarter of the Russellville flats; whenever I looked up I would see ahead of me this little man in his white hat. I am glad Scholey talked to him. Otherwise, to this day, I would not believe he existed.

The first fish I caught hit a surface plug Scholey had talked me into buying at Mac's. It was a monstrous affair with wads of jangling hooks, the kind of bait that one is automatically appalled by, but it had

reaped a harvest on the Santee. I dropped it beside a half-submerged log, and a bass, which weighed in at four pounds, sucked it in and went back under the log. Then he felt the hooks and came crashing out of the water. Lugging all that weight, he could not raise his head high enough to throw the plug, though he tried mightily before settling down to the job of trying to outrun it. It seemed to me unfair to saddle a fish with so much weight, so after netting him, I went back to the boat for a fly rod.

I didn't see Curtis anywhere, but Scholey was off to my right fishing some water that looked deeper than the rest. When he saw me, he held up a bass that appeared to weigh around five pounds. I set up the fly rod and went back over the water I had just fished, sprinkling it with a small black bug. I threw the popper into a pocket now and saw the water bulge behind it—almost a strike, but not quite. On the next cast the same thing happened, only this time the bulge rose to a sharper peak. Some bass fishermen claim that you can anger a bass into striking by bombing away relentlessly at the same spot; others say you ought to let the spot rest. I followed a middle course and placed a third cast near enough to the others to keep the fish's attention but not so near as to arouse his suspicion. The bug dropped into the mouth of the pocket about six feet in front of the other casts. Now is when the trembles settle in. I twitched the bug. The water burst open under it, and I watched a great slab of bronze take flight. The jump carried him out of the pocket into the uncluttered water in front of me. I judged him to be more than eight pounds. If he had gone back into the pocket there would have been no contest, but out here—well, things looked good for a second. Then he plowed off across the flat, obviously knowing the place

better than I did, and by the time I caught up with him and saw that he was heading for a submerged bush, it was too late for me to do anything about it. I tried to turn him but, having jumped only once, he still had all his strength, and once under the bush he simply wrapped the leader around it and pulled the bug out of his mouth.

The rest of the day was like that. We lost the big fish, caught the small ones. At least that is what Scholey, Curtis and I did. I don't know about the man in the white hat. His whoops and hollers rang across the flats until late in the afternoon. Once I thought I was going to meet him face to face, but he evaded me. By sundown we were a mile apart. Soon, I thought, he'll climb into a willow tree and go to sleep. A fellow like that will want to get an early start tomorrow. **END**





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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE MIDWEST

For years, Missouri Valley invaders have come away convinced that trying to win there is almost as hopeless as trying to break the bank at Monte Carlo. It was, until last week. Then three of the MVC's mightiest—Wichita, St. Louis and Cincinnati—went down with a resounding thud.

Wichita, which some suspected could be had by a good big man, were enough was. TEXAS WESTERN'S Jim Barnes scored 32 points, and Wichita lost 75-74. Then, when the Shockers went west, ARIZONA STATE's whirling shooters picked them off, 93-87.

For almost 35 minutes, St. Louis had visiting KANSAS STATE beaten. But the Wildcats began to match the Bills' aggressive ball control and, pretty soon, Willie Murrell and 7-foot Roger Suttner had K-State out in front. After that, an exasperating stall gave the Wildcats the game, 68-67.

Cincinnati, which had won 90 straight at home, finally lost, to KANSAS, 51-47. Most distressing to Coach Ed Jucker was the way the Bearcats lost it. With the score tied, they threw the ball away twice and then fouled Kansas' George Unsel and Al Cornell dropped in four free throws for the winning points.

Only SLIPPERY held firm. Levern Tait and sophomore Ernie Thompson and Eddie Jackson helped the Braves beat Idaho State 101-70 and Murray 85-78.

MICHIGAN, the Big Ten favorite, with Bill Buntin and sophomores Jim Myers and Cazzie Russell scoring heavily, marched past Tulane 73-47 and Nebraska 80-55. INDIANA'S Van Arsdale twins, Dick and Tom, piled up 74 points as the Hoosiers outlasted Notre Dame 108-102.

When LOYOLA OF CHICAGO failed to reach 100 in its 92-54 win over North Dakota, Coach George Ireland just smiled and said, "I don't care. I just want to win the games." Nevertheless, he kept his sanity in for 33 minutes against Kent State, and the Ramblers won 100-59.

THE EAST

New Yorkers, usually blasé about hometown heroes, were ready to acclaim some after 12,693 watched the talented but sometimes disorganized Violets trounce Tulsa 99-76 in Madison Square Garden. The free-lancing NYUers, who earlier in the week had dangled dreadfully against Cornell until Barry Kramer and Happy Harrison got their going to an easy 82-65 victory, simply overwhelmed Tulsa. Kramer, shooting mostly from outside, and Harrison,

popping away inside, each scored 26 points.

Meanwhile VILLANOVA, less showy but just as effective, romped over Princeton 72-59 and St. Peter's 83-42. Sophomore Richie Moore, who scored 25 points, had the hot hand against the Tigers while Wally Jones, feeding deftly, got 15 against St. Peter's. There was some solace for PRINCETON'S Bill Bradley, too. His 32 points could not stop Villanova, but his 40 beat Army 80-73.

SECON HALL'S Nick Werkman, the 1962-63 major college scoring champion, made 52 points as the Hall squeaked past Catholic U. 69-67 in overtime and Holy Cross 65-63. Providence, caught with its defenses lagging, was upset by ASSUMPTION 88-80 while PETT, despite little Willie Somerset's ball hawking and driving, edged Duquesne 69-67 in overtime in the Steel Bowl final.

THREE NEW STARS



RICHIE MOORE,
VILLANOVA



CAZZIE RUSSELL,
MICHIGAN

ERNE THOMPSON,
BRADLEY

THE SOUTH

DUKIE trailed West Virginia by 11 points early in the second half of the West Virginia Centennial Classic final in Morgantown. Then Coach Vic Bulbas sent in Jack Marin, a quick, 6-foot-6 sophomore, to help Jeff Mullins. Marin scored 14 points to put the Blue Devils ahead, and they went on to win 86-81. But Duke almost did not make it into the final. Ohio State's bony Gary Bradds gave the Blue Devils a hard time, and they barely held off the precocious Bucks, 76-75, in the first round. OHIO STATE had better luck against St. John's, an earlier 79-72 loser to WEST VIRGINIA. Outplayed by the surprising young Redmen, DSU won 66-64 on Dick Ricketts' 15-foot jumper at the buzzer.

Back home in the ACC, Duke's challeng-

ers were having trouble. North Carolina was upset by CLEMSON 66-64 in double overtime. Wake Forest found NORTH CAROLINA STATE'S sophomores too much to handle and lost to them 56-53 in overtime.

Georgia's Red Lawton enlisted Dr. Robert Bowen, a researcher in tests and measurements, to help him determine his best lineup for GEORGIA TECH. Their experiments convinced LAWSON that he could win with his three little guards. Unhappily, Dr. Bowen had not figured out a way to stop Tech's Jim Caldwell and R.D. Craddock. Caldwell got 19 points and 26 rebounds, Craddock 20 points; Georgia Tech won 73-65. Later, LAWSON's little men did win for him. Jimmy Pitts got 26 points, and Billy Rado dropped in a last-second basket to upset Clemson 87-86. Georgia Tech, without scientific mumbo jumbo—just Caldwell and Craddock—bombed Furman 92-69.

VANDERBILT won three games and KANSUCKY was a big winner over Texas Tech (107-91) and Northwestern (95-63). But the other SEC contenders were ambushed. Defending Champion Mississippi State lost to VIRGINIA TECH 93-77, Florida was trampled by MIAMI 95-79 and Auburn was outplayed by FLORIDA STATE 69-67.

DAYTONOS, warming up for the Southern Conference race, trimmed Wake Forest 66-53 and St. Joseph's 88-77.

THE SOUTHWEST

Some Southwest Conference teams, used to getting shakedowned around by visitors, got just what they expected last week. TEXAS, however, did well enough against minor leaguers, beating Howard Payne 89-58, Texas Wesleyan 81-46 and Tulane 95-63. RHA, too, after an 82-68 loss to VANDERBILT, held its own. Kendall Rhine got 27 points in a 61-56 win over Tennessee and 41 as the Daws drubbed LSU 87-72.

OKLAHOMA CITY, led by 6-foot-6 back-court man Bud Koper's 37 points, trounced TCU 96-70. But the Chiefs were less overpowering away from home. They lost to WYOMING 96-90 but beat Denver 80-66.

THE WEST

There were unmistakable signs that STANFORD might not have a cakewalk in the Big Six. The Indians were impressive enough as Tom Dose and sophomore Bob Bedell led them past Oregon twice, 59-51 and 83-65, but UCLA and California could hardly wait for the race to start. With Walt Hazzard directing traffic and pouring in points, the fast-breaking Bruins clobbered Brigham Young 113-71 and Butler 80-65. Cal went at SAN FRANCISCO with a harassing full-court press and in the end, it cost the Bears the game. They fouled Dave Lee too often, and he 15 free throws won for the Dons 64-60.

OREGON STATE'S Mel Counts and play-makers Frank Peters and Jim Jarvis wrecked Washington State 80-66 and 75-58, British Columbia 87-47, Washington 91-60. **END**

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THE COMPETITOR

Sirs:

I was deeply moved by *The President Who Loved Sport* (Dec. 2). Not by what you said of the physical condition of President Kennedy or his attitude toward sport. I already knew that. But by the way in which the author described his concern with the "spectating" American. Your editorial will become a permanent part of my coaching portfolio, and the memories of this great American a permanent part of my life.

Thank you.

MACC C. WIEBE

Chula Vista, Calif.

NAVY IVY

Sirs:

The article giving the views of your 1963 Silver Anniversary award winners on football today was interesting (*A Very Hard Look at Football*, Dec. 2), but the remarks of one of the former grunts, Dr. Martin Hifinger, should not go unchallenged. "I'm not aware of any college seeking out prospective top scholars," he says. Where has this man been since the beginning of the "spunk age?"

I suggest Dr. Hifinger consult the nearest metropolitan daily on or about Sept. 25, 1963 and look over the list of National Merit Scholarship semifinalists, select a couple and contact them or their parents. He will, I am sure, get the surprise of his life. Most, if not necessarily all, colleges solicit top scholars, and in a most dignified manner. As the father of one of these semifinalists, I am in a position to know.

WALTER M. FENTON

Minneapolis

Sirs:

Your silver goal-post winner, Brigadier General John W. Dobson, disapproving of the "hypocrisy" and professionalism in college football, says that "Except for the Ivy League and the military academies, the football team does not belong to the student body," implying that only in these institutions does it remain strictly "amateur." Yet, on another page of this same issue (*A Setting for Greatness at Philadelphia*) we learn that Midshipman Roger Stansbury went to New Mexico Military Institute, and 23 other Navy players attended preparatory schools, all with the help of something called the Naval Academy Foundation; that Guard Fred Marlin played for Western Maryland as far back as 1958 (and will still be playing for Navy in 1964).

It is widely known that the military academy follows the same practice and, in addition, pursues the quaint custom of taking athletes out of high school before they

graduate to prepare them for the rigors of military life at a "crum" school.

All coaches are aware that the three service academies have a well-organized and aggressive system of national recruiting, with a head start on all other recruiters since they have a built-in system of financing athletic talent. The education of all midshipmen and cadets is paid for by the nation's taxpayers.

RICKIE RILEY

Boalsburg, Pa.

Sirs:

I read recently in another magazine that "Reg" failed to pass the Naval Academy entrance examination. If indeed he (and the 23 others) were "not there to play football," would the good-hearted old Naval Academy Foundation have financed his high-school education? Brigadier General Dobson, who mentions the Ivy League and the military academies in the same breath regarding football, is apparently ignorant of the activities at Annapolis.

J. MICHAEL KITCH

Bloomington, Ind.

NR:

Sirs:

I have never read a more inane or inaccurate article than the one on Springfield College by Robert H. Boyle (*Spirit, Mist, Boil*, Dec. 2).

I am not a Springfield graduate, but the article pictured a bunch of polite, brainless, sexless, inept athletes going around saying "Hi" to everyone.

I would think an apology to Springfield College is in order.

JAMES A. DUERING, M.D.

Agawam, Mass.

Sirs:

I want to thank you for Robert Boyle's splendid article on our college. It is done with enough delightful humor, interlarded with a grasp of what we take to be essential, to give it what every Springfield graduate will recognize as "authenticity." Boyle's fine sense of the spirit of the place that seeks to blend physical, mental, moral fitness in the service of others is most remarkable, and all of us appreciate the sensitivity with which your story is done.

My only concerns with the story, all of which could be corrected by a word, pale by comparison with my appreciation for the article as a whole. They have to do with our three prime pubes—the academic community, the supporting public and our board. The first concerns the phrase "potted ivy" to describe our liberal arts neighbors for whom I have the highest regard and the finest relationship. I do hope they do not

feel this is our value judgment! The second concern is the suggestion that I sought the development of arts and sciences to increase our chance of support. This may follow as a consequence, but is farthest from my mind as the reason, though I am quoted here. I sought this development, because no man can be a leader of youth in our time who does not have a broader and deeper grasp of the nature of man, human history, other cultures and the arts and sciences that underscore the nature and significance not only of mind and spirit, but body and sport as well. Finally, the suggestion that the Chief Massasoit exercise was abandoned because of the board's fear of paganism is, so far as I know, pure fabrication, whoever may have told you, and I feel sure our board would deny this to the main. Indeed, as you say, they have fought this narrow sectarianism from the beginning.

In a day of cynicism about youth, you have helped the world know there is still a place turning out wholesome, healthy and dedicated young people committed to a life of leadership and service. It will encourage them to know there are many who desire to be part of the solution and not the problem.

The tragic events of the past few days, involving our President, who was a member of our board and who had deep convictions about our purposes, only underscore the importance of what we are trying to do in our modest way. You have helped us in a difficult day and task, and we are grateful. George Wood is right; it does seem easier to get money for putting a missile on the moon than to educate leaders who know how to get a man out of a boy.

GLENN OLDS

President, Springfield College
Springfield, Mass.

Sirs:

I think teaching young men and women to play ring-around-the-rosy is just as important as teaching young men how to travel to the moon. If I had not believed this I would not have spent the best years of my life in teaching kids to play Robert Boyle has said exactly what I would have liked to say. Thank you very much.

RALPH S. CUMMINGS

Compton, Calif.

ONLY MAN O' WAR

Sirs:

I am afraid I disagree with the title of Whiskey Tower's interesting article, *More O'er, Man o' War* (Nov. 11). It might better have been: *More O'er, Exterminator*. I am the son of the late Commander J.K.L. Ross, owner of Sir Barton, who was the first

continued

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